



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

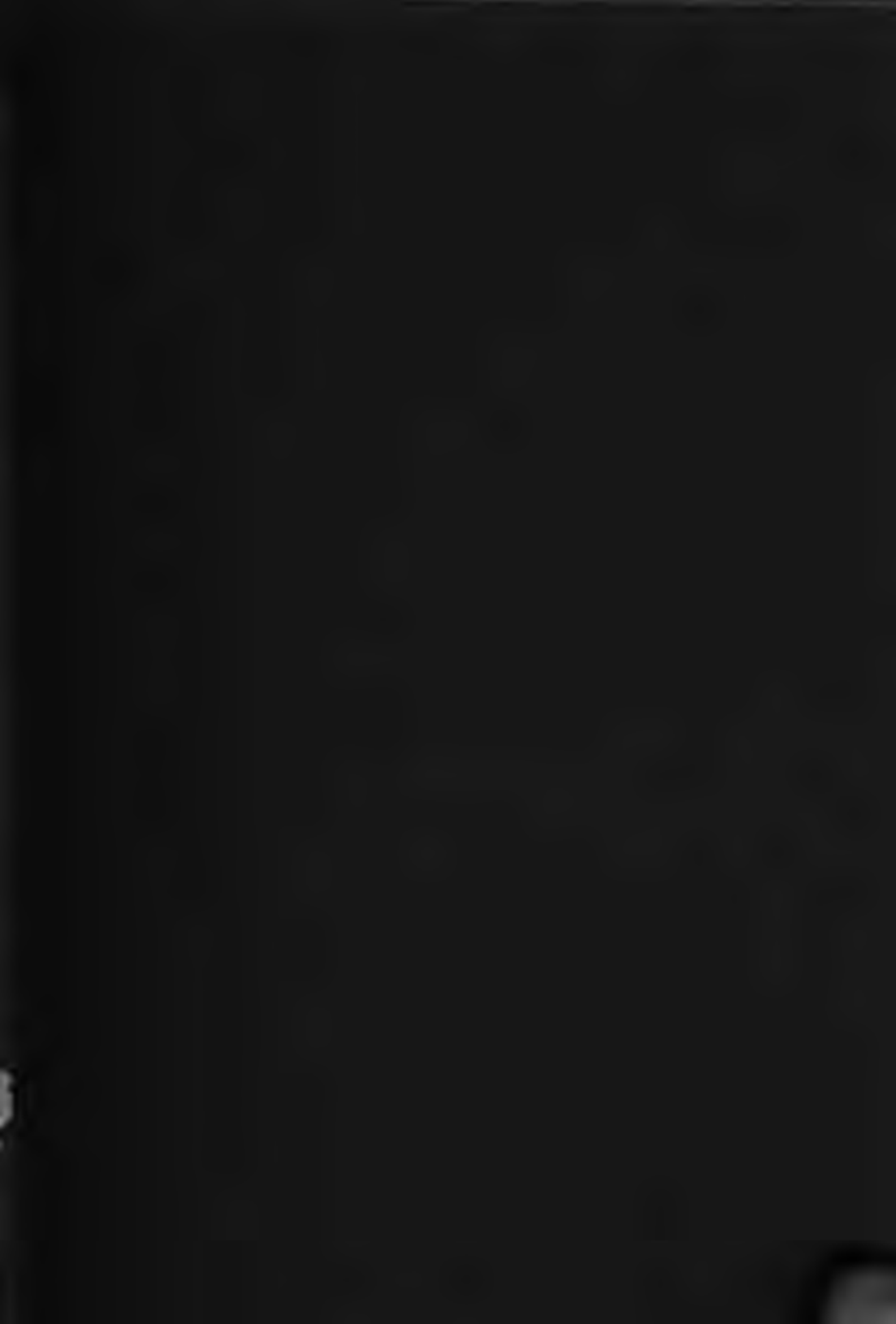
About Google Book Search

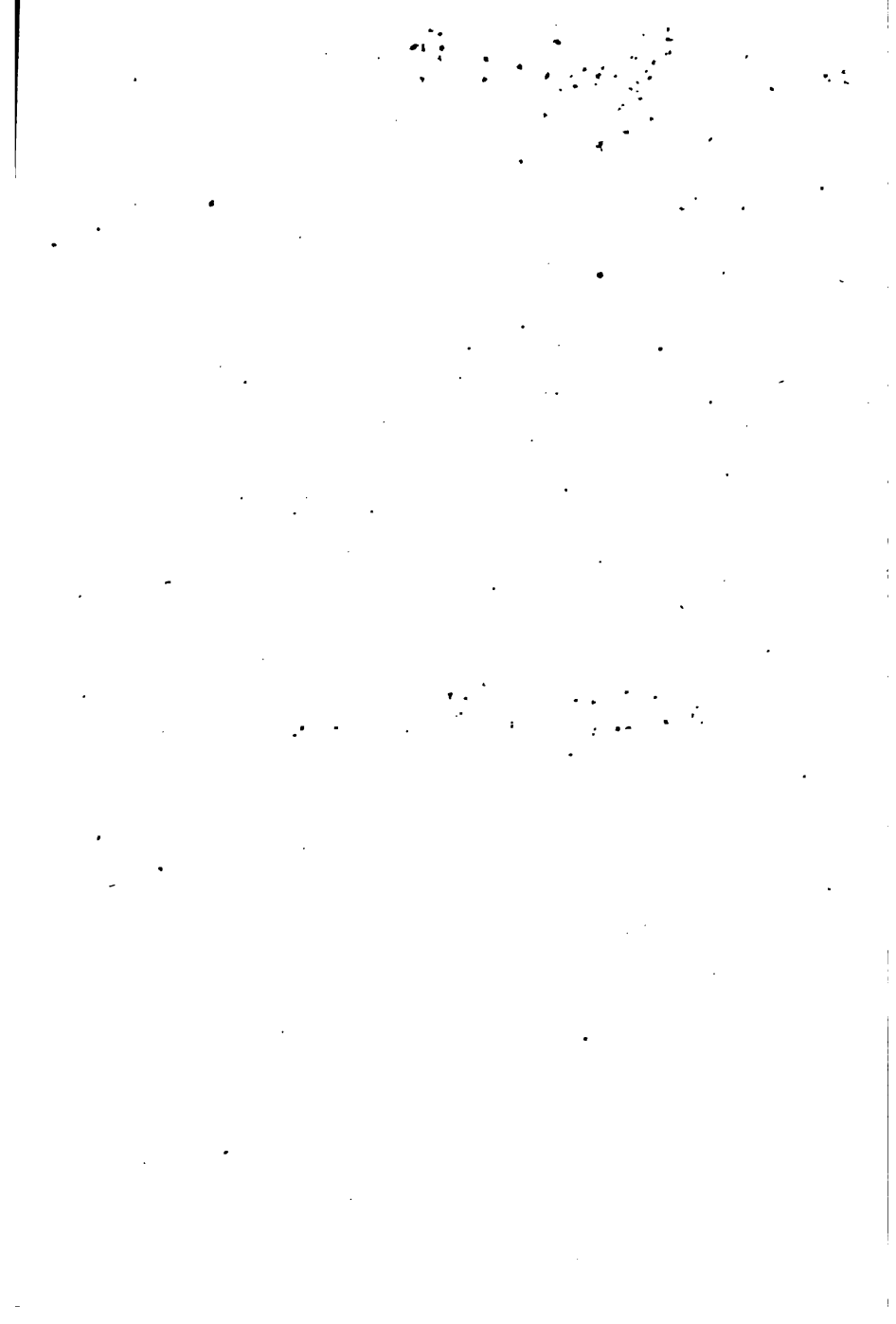
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

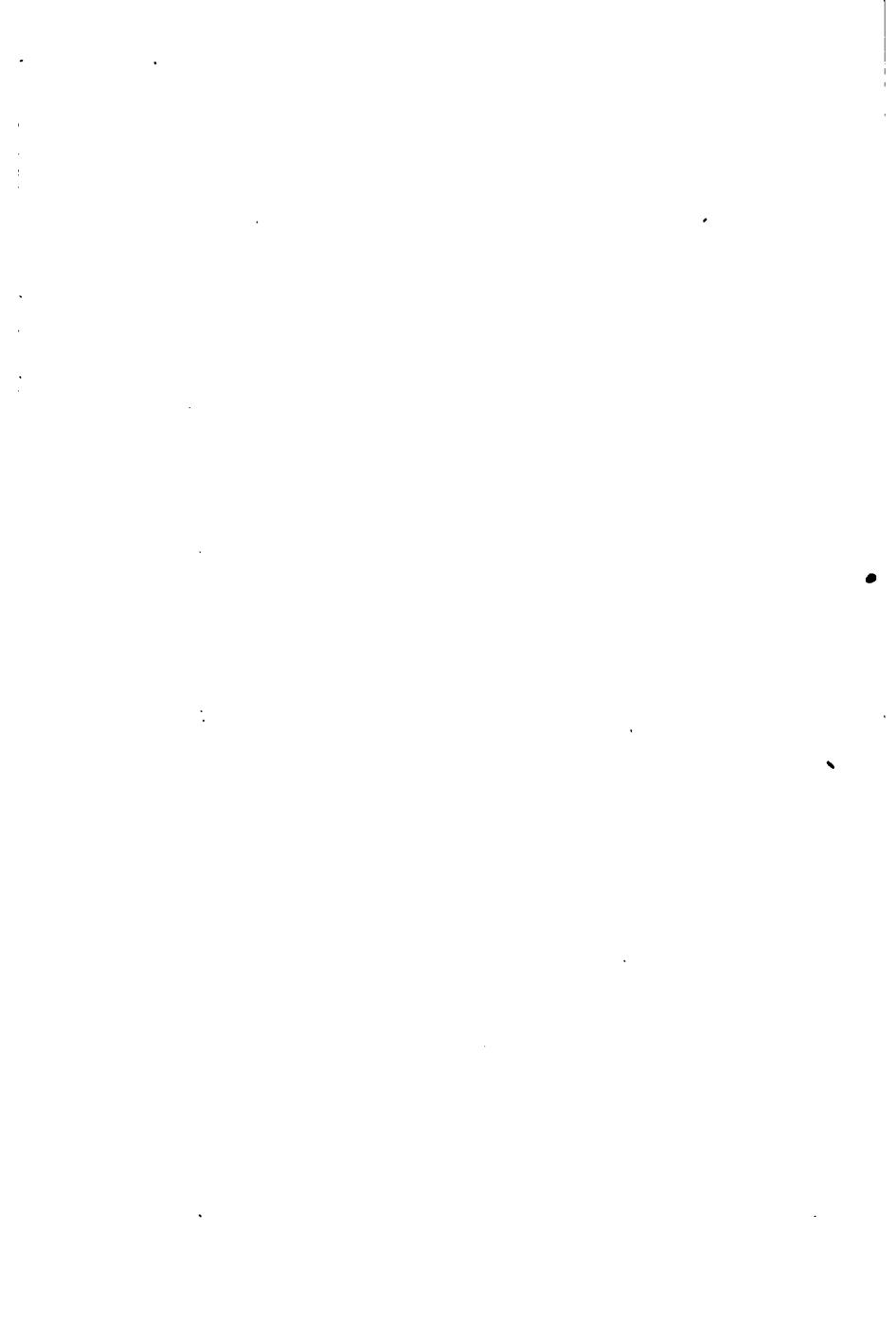


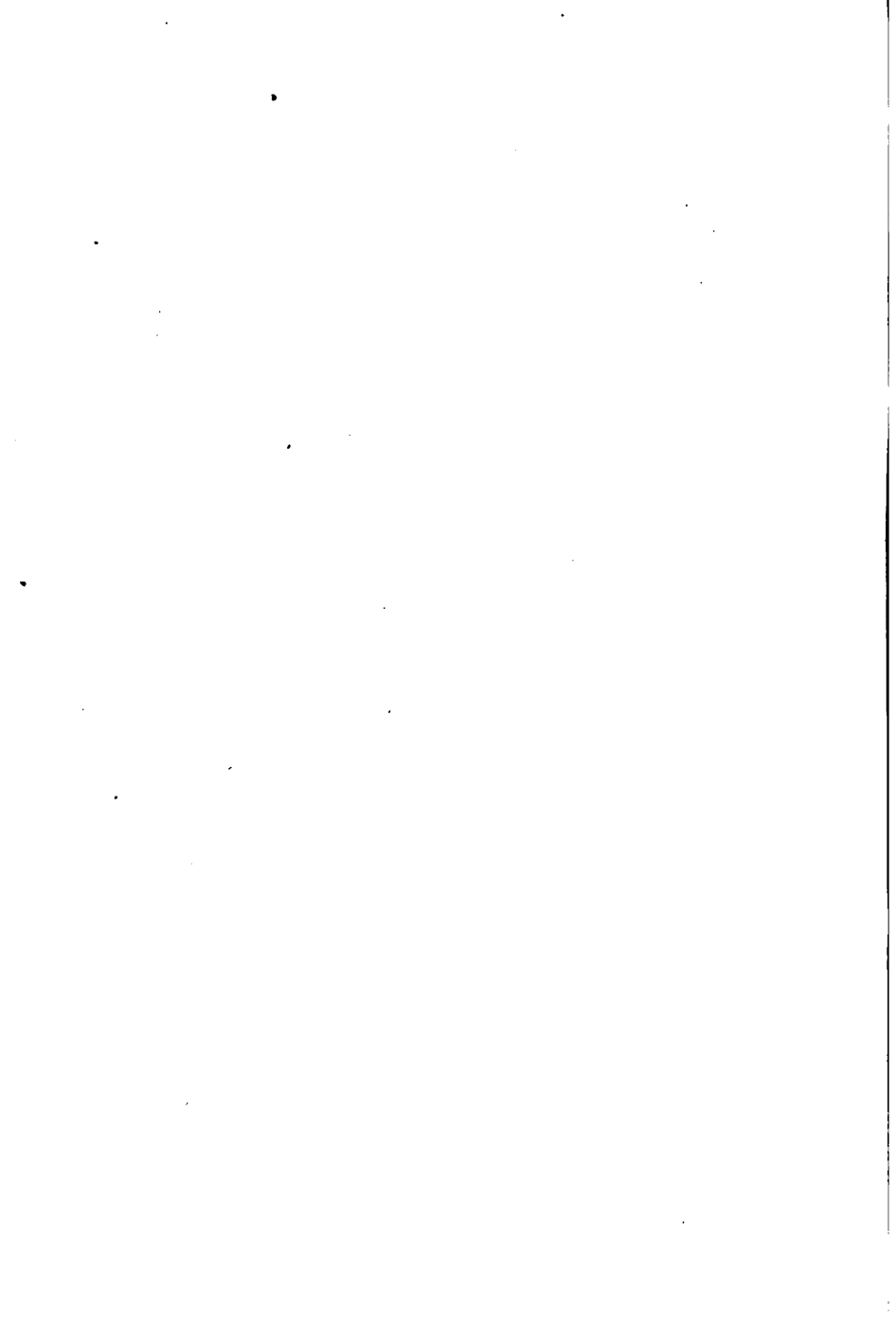
600072803Q











IMPRESSIONS
OF
LONDON SOCIAL LIFE.



IMPRESSIONS
OF
LONDON SOCIAL LIFE
WITH OTHER PAPERS

SUGGESTED BY AN ENGLISH RESIDENCE.

BY
E. S. NADAL.

London:
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1875.

[*All Rights reserved.*]

270 . f . 481

CHARLES DICKENS AND EVANS,
CRYSTAL PALACE PRESS.

TO THAT CHIVALROUS GENTLEMAN AND HONEST FRIEND,

JUDGE JOHN P. O'SULLIVAN,

I beg to Inscribe this little Book,

WITH THE ASSURANCE THAT IN WHATEVER PART OF THE EARTH

HIS FEET NOW STRAY OR TARRY, HE BEARS WITH HIM

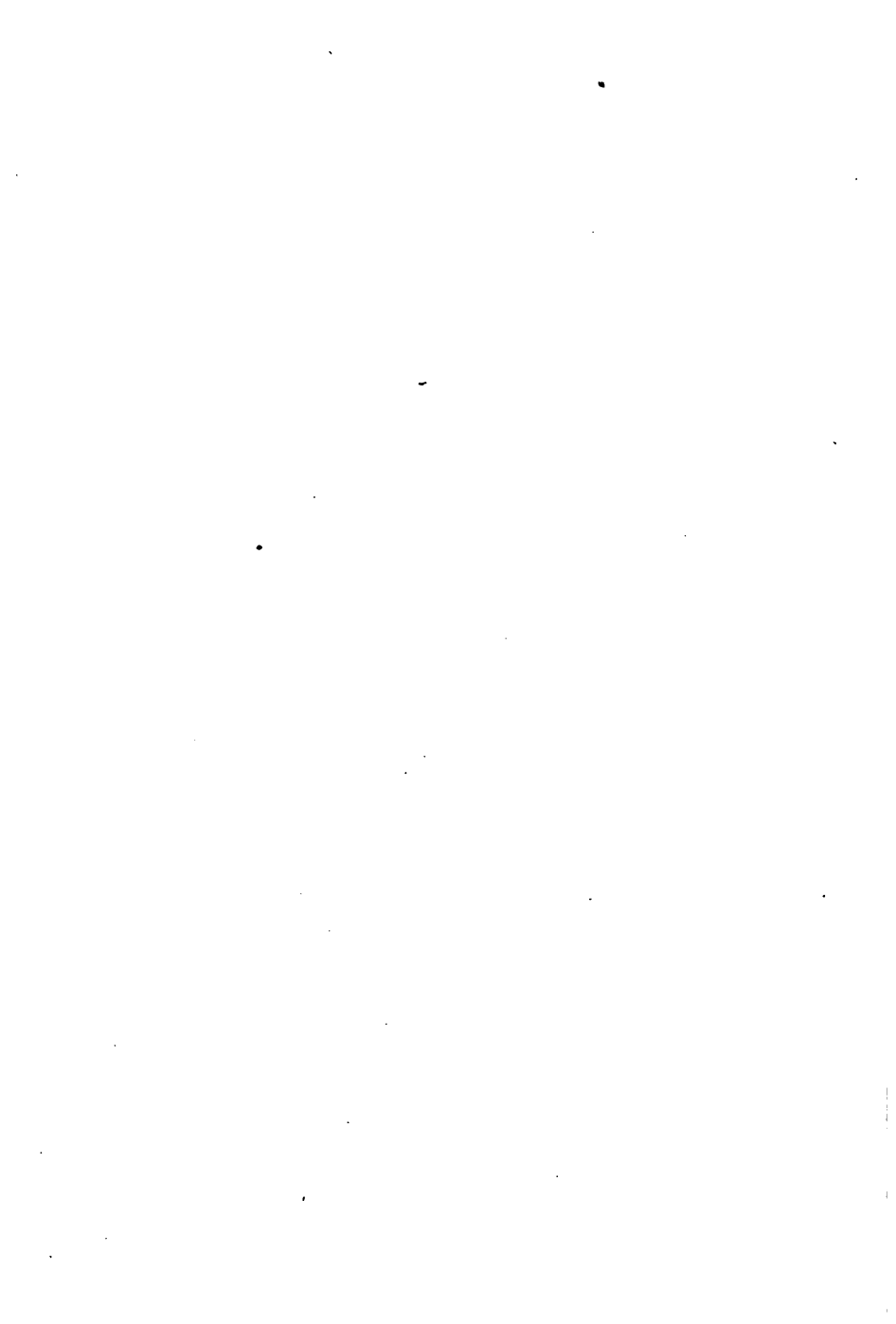
THE WARM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

THIS volume of Essays records the impressions received during a residence in London, where the Author was for some eighteen months a secretary of legation. It also describes things here as they appear to one who returns to this country after a stay in England. A number of these papers have already been printed in American periodicals.

NEW YORK: *January*, 1875.



CONTENTS.

I.	
IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON SOCIAL LIFE	PAGE I
II.	
ENGLISH SUNDAYS AND LONDON CHURCHES	33
III.	
TWO VISITS TO OXFORD	64
IV.	
THE BRITISH UPPER CLASS IN FICTION	90
V.	
PRESUMPTION	105
VI.	
ENGLISH COURT FESTIVITIES	110
VII.	
ENGLISH TRADITION AND THE ENGLISH FUTURE . .	131
VIII.	
CHILDHOOD AND ENGLISH TRADITION	141

IX.	
THE DANCING SCHOOL IN TAVISTOCK SQUARE . . .	PAGE 148
X.	
CONTRASTS OF SCENERY	161
XI.	
NEW YORK AND LONDON WINTERS	173
XII.	
THE EVENING CALL	176
XIII.	
OUR LATEST NOTIONS OF REPUBLICS	186
XIV.	
ENGLISH CONSERVATIVE TEMPER	193
XV.	
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPER-WRITING . . .	197
XVI.	
AMERICANS ABROAD	209
XVII.	
SOCIETY IN NEW YORK, AND FICTION	217

Some Impressions of London Social Life.

I WISH to record some impressions of London social life, and of that particular phase of it we call society. I may dwell upon some faults which, I should explain, are shared by society in all times and places—indeed, are quite inseparable from it, while others to be described are the peculiarities not so much of the country as of the age. Whatever be the defects and drawbacks of society, scholars and thinkers would wish to establish something like it, did they not see that, in many respects, that already established was unfit for their uses. Were it possible, they would want some common ground where men and women might meet to talk and see and be seen. What they, with their

very high intentions, would desire, the rest of us would find enjoyable. When the gods had brought man into existence, they were still puzzled by the formidable problem of how he was to be amused. It was supposed that something more extended and complex than the original race would be required for that purpose ; and numerous plans were submitted to the council of the gods, and were one by one rejected. At length one Olympian inventor arose and suggested that the members of the new race should find their amusement in looking at each other. This novel and audacious suggestion, though at first received with merriment and wonder, was finally adopted, and on trial was discovered to work admirably. It has certainly since proved itself to be the completest of all inventions, at once, the most perfect and the simplest and most labour-saving.

I have often wondered if something like the Athenian Agora could not be devised. One of the great features of Athens, I fancy, was the active intellectual interest the people took in their society as a spectacle. The liveliest

curiosity everywhere pervaded the community, and the stimulus of a public place of resort must have been great. Hither came men of all ranks and professions—merchants, poets, soldiers, sophists, and statesmen. When Socrates or Cleon passed, every pedlar had his jibe and every huckster his bit of scandal. The whole market-place was full of mirth, movement, gaiety, gossip, and curiosity. There is, at least, one modern institution which has some points of similarity to the Agora: I mean London society. The resemblance is one more of form than of character. It is like it in the fact that it brings numbers of people into association, or rather contiguity, and that in it we see constantly all the noted people of the day. Here the likeness ends: the life and variety are not there.

Yet, easy as it is to find fault with, London society is far the most perfect thing of the kind in the world, and it must be a dull man who would fail to extract amusement and pleasure from it. Were it a little less hard and rude, and were there a little more liberty for individualities,

one might spend a lifetime in it with profit. As a spectacle, it is valuable for its profuseness, its pomp of life, the beautiful women and famous men we see. There is, moreover, something of moral education in it. We get a certain strength—of a kind, indeed, which we should not take long to acquire, and, having acquired, should not take a lifetime to practise, but still a kind of strength—silent resistance, and ease in the presence of people who are indifferent and critical. The dowagers are the persons in conversing with whom one experiences the greatest growth of character. Some large and listless mother, whose eyes are following the fortunes of her charges over the field, and who has asked you for the fourth time the question you have already answered for the third—to go on discoursing to such a person as calmly and fluently as Cato does to the universe is a great and difficult thing. There is not a pleasure in it, nor indeed a rapture, but there is real growth and building up in a certain amount of it.

But the moral education of society is scarcely its

most important service. There is a large class of men to whom success in it is the main object of life. To them it furnishes a profession, and one in which they are sure in time to succeed. He who in the bloom of youth is bidden to dance at some great lady's ball is sure, with average luck and persistence, to go to breakfast in his toupee. It gives the swell something to live for. When he has attained the Marquis of This, the Duke of That shines yet ahead of him. The way is plain, and there is no limit to the possibilities of its extension. From round to round of the Jacob's ladder of fashion the aspiring climber may ascend indefinitely. There is always something a little ahead. To tread all the ways of Mayfair, to sound all the depths and shoals of Belgravia, were indeed a hopeless task. But it has many sorts of uses for many sorts of people. Mothers there exhibit their marriageable wares. Politicians put their heads together. The Earl of Barchester asks a Cabinet minister to appoint a friend. But the old gentlemen who go to look on and take their daughters get the most out of it. It is especially pleasant

for them by contrast with the treatment they receive in this country. Here the fathers of families creep about among their daughters' suitors in a very abject and humble manner. "What talk is there of fathers when there is such a man as Orlando?" The old men in England are much more defiant and unmanageable. They do not strike their flags to the young ones, as is their habit with us. They confront age with fine clothes, the locks right from the hand of the hair-dresser, and the air of success and authority. The condition of an Englishman who has grown grey in honours, who has a star and a decoration and the health and vanity to wear them properly, is by no means an unhappy one. (Decorations should be given to suit complexions; kings and colleges should award blue ribbons to blond men and red ribbons to dark men.) If, besides his fortunate accidents, he has humour, sensibility, and an individuality, his is really an enviable lot. In the most rigid of societies, wealth, rank, and success clear a way for individuality. They make one elbow-room. An eccentric clerk in the Admiralty would very

soon find himself on the curbstone ; the eccentric nobleman, on the contrary, is a popular personage, and has a recognised position in all the novels. Even hard and supercilious people are not apt to question the wit and manners of one whom kings and learned societies have indorsed. A stare need not make him check his humour. He may be a strong and a natural person, if he chooses. It used to delight me to watch one old man who had run a career in literature and politics, and to whom the world had given all its good things. He protected himself with the best of Poole's tailoring. He wore a decoration which suited his complexion perfectly. He was none of your cravens. He met old age with hand gaily extended in the jauntiest, boldest way in the world. With a bearing humorously perverse and imperious, with a pair of yellow-grey eyes flashing over his eagle beak, he moved through the throng ; shaking hands pleasantly with many, complimenting the mammas, and hectoring the maidens, whose conversation he corrected with mock severity, and whom he cautioned against slang. Such of the young ladies as received his reproof

demurely, he looked down on with approbation; while those who were saucy pleased quite as well, as they gave him opportunity for more extended reprimand. If age ever retains the vanity, humour, and kindness of youth, this old man must have had a pleasant time. The only drawback is, that the people who to-night are flattered by his smile may, a week hence, be reading his obituary with that contempt we instinctively feel for a man who has just ceased to live. The death of a successful man of the world affects our way of thinking of him much as any other reverse in his affairs—the loss of his fortune, for instance, or the favour of his party. We cannot help reflecting that he must now take in a little sail, that he must in future abate a little his demand upon society.

But for the average man the very last thing society does is to give him an opportunity to express himself. Self-suppression is the lesson it inculcates by precept and by very strong example. The man of society must imitate the patience of the processes of nature. He must act as though he intended to go out for ever,

and was in no hurry to get the good of it. No wise man attempts to hurry London society. The people who compose it never hurry. But if the man of society be unselfish and be careful to retain his sanity, its chief good is in what it offers him to look at—the carriages flashing back and forth at the dinner-hour, looking like caskets or Christmas-boxes with the most wonderful lining and furniture (the drapery and lace almost floating out of the windows), the balls and parties, the acres of fair-armed British maidens through which he may wander as in a wilderness, the odours of the midnight gardens, the breath of the dawn, and the first flush of sunrise over Hyde Park as the drowsy cabman wheels homeward and to bed. Every spring he may watch for the reappearance of some queen of the last season, as for the coming of the flowers. To a mind capable of pleasure it must often be a joyous and delightful spectacle, and always an amusing one. But if a man be subject to feelings of pique and envy, and allow fortunes better than his own to make him wretched, there could hardly be a worse place for him. I knew

one man, foolish fellow! who, instead of giving himself up to the admiration of the ladies, and the graces and peculiarities of the dancers, had held aloof and had been unhappy because people took so little notice of him. He told me that, when he saw other men successful and smiled upon, he used to stand back and try to look "devilish deserving." "Wisdom and worth were all he had." "I have since found out," he remarked, "what a very poor expedient it was. For success in society, either here or anywhere else, I had as lief be accused of forgery as of modest merit."

I found everywhere an excessive respect of the individual for the sentiment of the mass—I mean in regard to behaviour. In matters of opinion there is greater latitude than with us. Nowadays a man in England may believe anything he chooses; the reason being, I suppose, that beliefs have not much root or practical importance. Authority seems to have left the domain of thought and literature, and to have invaded that of manners. Of the two sorts of tyranny, I think I should prefer the first. I

should rather be compelled to write my poetry in pentameters, and to speak with respect of the Church and the Government, than to be forever made to behave as other people dictate. I know Englishmen do not accept this as true of themselves. One of them, to whom I had hinted something of the sort, said, "Oh, I don't know ; we do about as we please." Precisely ; but they have lived so constantly in the eyes of other people, have got so used to conforming, that they never think of wanting to do what society would disapprove of. They have been so in the habit of subduing whatever native individuality they possess, that they have at last got rid of it. Of course, it would be impossible to make them believe this. They mistake their inattention, the hostile front they present to the world, and their indifference to the strictures of foreigners when they are abroad, for real independence and a self-reliant adherence to nature. But there seems to me to be something conventional even about the rude and lounging manners of which they are so proud. It is like the "stand-at-ease" of soldiers. It would be highly

improper and contrary to orders to do anything else.

Englishmen appeared to me to be criticising themselves away. It is not only among Englishmen of fashion, nor solely in England, that this is the case. The age everywhere partakes of it. It has come to attach great importance to proper externals, to seemliness, to a dignified and harmonious behaviour. What unexceptionable people in their private lives are the writers of the day! Artists used to be envious and backbiting: if they retain such feelings at present, they are certainly not candid. It cannot be that the world has made such progress in a few years as to have quite got rid of the passions of spite and envy. We fear the age has caught cold and the disease has been driven in. Certainly we have come to devote an exceedingly particular and microscopic care to externals; we give such attention to our walk and conversation, we are so careful to avoid faults and littlenesses of demeanour, that we seem to have acquired some sort of negative Puritanism or Pharisaism. This is true of ourselves, and it is true of all

educated English people ; but the disease reaches its extremest form among Englishmen of fashion and quality. I once asked one of the kindest and cleverest of them I knew, "Can a young man in this country read poetry to the ladies—not his own, of course, but out of a book?" "No," said he, "that would be rather com-promis-ing" (shaking his head and pronouncing the word slowly). On reflection, I did not remember having done that thing myself for some years, but I hardly had it classified as one of the things not to be done under any circumstances.

In this very great self-consciousness and doubt as to what to say and do, it was an advantage to have some particular tone set and the range of conversation narrowed within some well-understood limits. By this, language, as a medium of expression, is abolished, and becomes a means of getting along comfortably with friends. Certain things are set apart as good for men to converse upon—the races, horse-flesh, politics, anything in short, providing it is not discussed in a definite or original manner.

No man should say anything which might not be very well said by any one else. Each man has an infallible guide in the rest. He must set his clock by them, and regulate it carefully when it inclines to go faster. The following is a simple and easily-understood specimen of a club conversation :—

First Speaker. “Are you going to Aldershot to-morrow?”

Second Speaker. “No.”

Here follows a pause of several minutes.

First Speaker. “Why aren’t you going to Aldershot to-morrow?”

Second Speaker. “O, I hate Aldershot.”

Here follows a pause of longer duration, during which the first speaker reads over the *Pall Mall Gazette* for the third time.

Second Speaker. “Waiter, bring me gin and seltzer.”

This one might call the unit of a club conversation, upon which more elaborate remark may be superadded at will.

We are of course always bound to pitch our voices to the ears of those around us. As a

rule, we must expect people to talk about trivial matters; it would be a great bore if they did otherwise. But now and then we need not be surprised at a little genuine laughter or a hearty greeting between friends. But in the clubs, from what I saw, there rarely seemed to be any abandon or heartiness. There was roseate youth with the finest health, with beauty, with a flower in the button-hole, with horses to ride in the Row, with fine raiment and sumptuous living every day, with the smiles of mammas and the shy adoration of the maidens. Yet I have seen old men who seemed far more happily self-forgetful and with more enthusiasm for enjoyment. The young men have deteriorated from the energy of their fathers of forty years ago, who must have been a very amusing class of men. The strong pressure of public sentiment prevents these young men from acquiring the old physical vigour and freedom of the British upper class; and as they have no task set them they are driven unavoidably into dulness. They never swear, or rarely. The "demmes" and "egads" of their ancestors are quite out of em-

ployment. They even sin with a certain decorum. For instance, it is very "bad form" to dance with the ladies at the casinos, though there is no impropriety in leaving those places in their company. The few men who are literary and intellectual make, perhaps, the weakest impression. The thin wash of opinion which forms their conversation evaporates, and leaves a very slight sediment. They have that contagious weariness I have noticed in the agricultural population along the water-courses of Illinois and Missouri. In the latter it is the result of fever and ague, and the long eating of half-baked bread. The voices of those people seemed to struggle up from a region below their lungs, and in them the peculiarity, besides wearying, intensely repelled and disgusted. In men as charmingly dressed and beautifully clean as these Englishmen, the offensive quality was missed, but there was the same weariness and a vapidity that inoculated and subdued you. There often seemed to me an effeminate sound in the talk, not only of the intellectual sort, but even of the faster men. Should the ghosts

of their uproarious ancestors ever rustle through those halls of Pall Mall and St. James's Street, they must marvel, I fancy, to see the young bloods of the present sitting about and comparing experiences of vaccination with the minuteness of old ladies at a religious tea-party.

It is an old folly, it may be said, that of decrying the present, and I may be reminded that most men are human, no matter what the age or the country in which they live. There is truth in that; but we may easily see how very different men may be whom centuries divide, when we consider that most important fact of the human mind—mood. How diverse are the thoughts and passions which rule the fast following movements of a single human life! How diverse the lives of individual men! How widely separate from our own may be the feelings of men between whom and ourselves many years intervene, and of whom no living soul remains to speak. There was a day when people were less suspicious of each other than nowadays when they were freer and far brighter. Talk like that of which we read in Boswell's "Life of

Johnson," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and the "Selwyn Correspondence" is not heard now. I have noticed the fluency of some very charming old ladies. They address you with an unhesitating talkativeness, which is not of this time. They have never asked themselves, "How did I appear when I said this?" or "Was not that gesture or that expression of countenance peculiar?" It would seem, then, that the monologue which is so characteristic of the novel of fifty years ago was no invention of the novelist, but that people really talked in that way. They did not skirmish behind wary short sentences as do the lovers in Mr. Trollope's books. Why, if you proposed to one of the young ladies of that period, she replied in a speech covering full a page and a half of Miss Edgeworth, perfectly fluent and grammatical, every word of which could be parsed from beginning to end. If she rejected you, the discourse was sure to contain many and most irreproachable moral sentiments. Yet those very young ladies upon occasions could very nearly swear. On the decorous pages of Miss Austin we find expressions

which nowadays would be considered wicked. The proper and satirical Emma, and the very charming Elizabeth, say "Good God!" "My God!" Exquisite profanity! It would have wheedled the heart out of a travelling colporteur with a bundle of tracts. Ah, fresh blooming maidens with the blue waving plumes, what joy it would have been to have met you, and to have heard from your own lips those shocking expressions some blissful morning long ago, on a breezy hill-top, and near the foliage of a rustling oak.

The complete banishment of profanity from the conversation of men of fashion seemed to me a curious phenomenon. I do not believe it could have been accomplished in any country where example had less authority. The common modern oaths you hear very little; as to the archaic and Homeric forms, they have quite gone out. I never met a man, however aged, who used those expressions. I used constantly to see one old gentleman who always came arrayed in the traditional blue coat and brass buttons, buff waistcoat, and great neckcloth of the Regency. I fancied he might be like that

South American parrot of which Humbo'dt tells, that was the sole remaining creature to speak the language of a lost tribe. I never had the pleasure, however, of hearing him express himself. He silently surveyed the moving throng. The present, perhaps, seemed dull to him. He had heard, a fine May morning long ago, in Piccadilly, the horn of the coachman ringing up the street, and had awaited the stopping of the coach at Hatchett's, to see such blooming faces looking merrily out of the windows, and the ladies in the short waists and petticoats of the time alighting from the top. Somewhere away in one of those shires whose name recalls the green fields and the sound of the milk in the pail, he had kissed a country cousin under one of the big bonnets they wore when the century and he and his sweetheart were all in their teens.

In the parlours the narrow range of thought and conversation is even more noticeable than at the clubs. Here the ladies set the tone ; and kind as they usually are, bright and pretty as they often are, there is unmistakably among an unconsciousness of all outside certain

narrow limits that custom has prescribed for them. The freedom and gaiety which are not uncommon in the parlours of Americans of the best class will be hard to find in the drawing-rooms of English fashionables. They *talk*, professedly. Upon those common topics which should form the ordinary conversation they do very well, and, among the brighter of them, a kind of wit and wisdom is permitted. But that is apt to be *à la mode*. The wit is badly watered. I am not sure, however, that fashionable wisdom and watered wit are peculiar to London. All society-wit is somewhat diseased. The wit of rich and idle men is poor. It is curious that they who have nothing to do but to make jokes should make such very poor ones. There are a few recipes afloat from which most of these fine things are evidently prepared. The fashionable joke is usually accompanied by the fashionable gesture, and an expression of inward illumination which the state of the mind hardly justifies. Though as to artificial pantomime and vocal inflection, there is less of that among the English "respectables" than among our own. It may

South American parrot of which Humboldt tells, that was the sole remaining creature to speak the language of a lost tribe. I never had the pleasure, however, of hearing him express himself. He silently surveyed the moving throng. The present, perhaps, seemed dull to him. He had heard, a fine May morning long ago, in Piccadilly, the horn of the coachman ringing up the street, and had awaited the stopping of the coach at Hatchett's, to see such blooming faces looking merrily out of the windows, and the ladies in the short waists and petticoats of the time alighting from the top. Somewhere away in one of those shires whose name recalls the green fields and the sound of the milk in the pail, he had kissed a country cousin under one of the big bonnets they wore when the century and he and his sweetheart were all in their teens.

In the parlours the narrow range of thought and conversation is even more noticeable than at the clubs. Here the ladies set the tone ; and kind as they usually are, bright and pretty as they often are, there is unmistakably among them an unconsciousness of all outside certa

narrow limits that custom has prescribed for them. The freedom and gaiety which are not uncommon in the parlours of Americans of the best class will be hard to find in the drawing-rooms of English fashionables. They *talk*, professedly. Upon those common topics which should form the ordinary conversation they do very well, and, among the brighter of them, a kind of wit and wisdom is permitted. But that is apt to be *à la mode*. The wit is badly watered. I am not sure, however, that fashionable wisdom and watered wit are peculiar to London. All society-wit is somewhat diseased. The wit of rich and idle men is poor. It is curious that they who have nothing to do but to make jokes should make such very poor ones. There are a few recipes afloat from which most of these fine things are evidently prepared. The fashionable joke is usually accompanied by the fashionable gesture, and an expression of inward illumination which the state of the mind hardly justifies. As to artificial pantomime and vocal games, there is much of it among the English fashionables. It is our own. It may

South American parrot of which Humboldt tells, that was the sole remaining creature to speak the language of a lost tribe. I never had the pleasure, however, of hearing him express himself. He silently surveyed the moving throng. The present, perhaps, seemed dull to him. He had heard, a fine May morning long ago, in Piccadilly, the horn of the coachman ringing up the street, and had awaited the stopping of the coach at Hatchett's, to see such blooming faces looking merrily out of the windows, and the ladies in the short waists and petticoats of the time alighting from the top. Somewhere away in one of those shires whose name recalls the green fields and the sound of the milk in the pail, he had kissed a country cousin under one of the big bonnets they wore when the century and he and his sweetheart were all in their teens.

In the parlours the narrow range of thought and conversation is even more noticeable than at the clubs. Here the ladies set the tone ; and kind as they usually are, bright and pretty as they often are, there is unmistakably among them an unconsciousness of all outside certain

narrow limits that custom has prescribed for them. The freedom and gaiety which are not uncommon in the parlours of Americans of the best class will be hard to find in the drawing-rooms of English fashionables. They *talk*, professedly. Upon those common topics which should form the ordinary conversation they do very well, and, among the brighter of them, a kind of wit and wisdom is permitted. But that is apt to be *à la mode*. The wit is badly watered. I am not sure, however, that fashionable wisdom and watered wit are peculiar to London. All society-wit is somewhat diseased. The wit of rich and idle men is poor. It is curious that they who have nothing to do but to make jokes should make such very poor ones. There are a few recipes afloat from which most of these fine things are evidently prepared. The fashionable joke is usually accompanied by the fashionable gesture, and an expression of inward illumination which the state of the mind hardly justifies. Though as to artificial pantomime and vocal inflection, there is less of that among the English "respectables" than among our own. It may

South American parrot of which Humboldt tells, that was the sole remaining creature to speak the language of a lost tribe. I never had the pleasure, however, of hearing him express himself. He silently surveyed the moving throng. The present, perhaps, seemed dull to him. He had heard, a fine May morning long ago, in Piccadilly, the horn of the coachman ringing up the street, and had awaited the stopping of the coach at Hatchett's, to see such blooming faces looking merrily out of the windows, and the ladies in the short waists and petticoats of the time alighting from the top. Somewhere away in one of those shires whose name recalls the green fields and the sound of the milk in the pail, he had kissed a country cousin under one of the big bonnets they wore when the century and he and his sweetheart were all in their teens.

In the parlours the narrow range of thought and conversation is even more noticeable than at the clubs. Here the ladies set the tone ; and kind as they usually are, bright and pretty as they often are, there is unmistakably among them an unconsciousness of all outside certain

narrow limits that custom has prescribed for them. The freedom and gaiety which are not uncommon in the parlours of Americans of the best class will be hard to find in the drawing-rooms of English fashionables. They *talk*, professedly. Upon those common topics which should form the ordinary conversation they do very well, and, among the brighter of them, a kind of wit and wisdom is permitted. But that is apt to be *à la mode*. The wit is badly watered. I am not sure, however, that fashionable wisdom and watered wit are peculiar to London. All society-wit is somewhat diseased. The wit of rich and idle men is poor. It is curious that they who have nothing to do but to make jokes should make such very poor ones. There are a few recipes afloat from which most of these fine things are evidently prepared. The fashionable joke is usually accompanied by the fashionable gesture, and an expression of inward illumination which the state of the mind hardly justifies. Though as to artificial pantomime and vocal inflection, there is less of that among the English "respectables" than among our own. It may

South American parrot of which Humboldt tells, that was the sole remaining creature to speak the language of a lost tribe. I never had the pleasure, however, of hearing him express himself. He silently surveyed the moving throng. The present, perhaps, seemed dull to him. He had heard, a fine May morning long ago, in Piccadilly, the horn of the coachman ringing up the street, and had awaited the stopping of the coach at Hatchett's, to see such blooming faces looking merrily out of the windows, and the ladies in the short waists and petticoats of the time alighting from the top. Somewhere away in one of those shires whose name recalls the green fields and the sound of the milk in the pail, he had kissed a country cousin under one of the big bonnets they wore when the century and he and his sweetheart were all in their teens.

In the parlours the narrow range of thought and conversation is even more noticeable than at the clubs. Here the ladies set the tone ; and kind as they usually are, bright and pretty as they often are, there is unmistakably among them an unconsciousness of all outside certain

narrow limits that custom has prescribed for them. The freedom and gaiety which are not uncommon in the parlours of Americans of the best class will be hard to find in the drawing-rooms of English fashionables. They *talk*, professedly. Upon those common topics which should form the ordinary conversation they do very well, and, among the brighter of them, a kind of wit and wisdom is permitted. But that is apt to be *à la mode*. The wit is badly watered. I am not sure, however, that fashionable wisdom and watered wit are peculiar to London. All society-wit is somewhat diseased. The wit of rich and idle men is poor. It is curious that they who have nothing to do but to make jokes should make such very poor ones. There are a few recipes afloat from which most of these fine things are evidently prepared. The fashionable joke is usually accompanied by the fashionable gesture, and an expression of inward illumination which the state of the mind hardly justifies. Though as to artificial pantomime and vocal inflection, there is less of that among the English "respectables" than among our own. It may

seem to contradict this, but really does not when I say that our own fashionable manners are borrowed from the English. English people must speak in some way, and their peculiarities, as a rule, are proper and natural. Our imitative and impressible society leaders, seeing something admirable in English aristocratical style, copy the accents and gestures, forgetting that they too would seem admirable to others were they to speak naturally.

As a rule, women in English society are remarkably natural—negatively natural, I mean. English girls are particularly simple and unassuming. They are innocent of all effort to impress or astonish. As all womankind does and should do, they make themselves as pretty as they can; but as to personal superiorities, their educators do not lay enough stress upon such things to make them ambitious to excel in that way. All young ladies are taught a certain mode of deportment, which is excellent so far as it goes. The chief precept of the code, whether inculcated openly or by the silent feeling of society, is that each young lady must do as the

rest. That "young English girl," who is the theme of the novelists and the magazine bards and artists, easily merits all the adulation she receives. Does not all the world know, is it not almost an impertinence to say, that for dignity, modesty, propriety, sense, and a certain soft self-possession, she has hardly her equal anywhere? But the British maiden is taught that ambition in character is not a desirable thing. The naturalness and propriety which accompany this state of mind are not particularly admirable. It is very different from that propriety which is the result of elevation of character, of conclusions intimately known and constantly practised. People who have activity and ambition are very apt to be affected, and very apt to unduly crave recognition. That we ask to be thought superior, shows at least that we prize superiority. When the young are left to their own growth, and no restrictive tariff is put upon individuality, we may expect a little nonsense. Society will certainly do a good thing for the young if it teaches them the folly of a desire for recognition. But this society does not do, I fear. It merely instructs

them not to ask for recognition, because by so doing they make a bad impression. It has done them a still more doubtful service, if, in giving them this very good trait, it has also taught them to emphasise less strongly the superiorities of character and conduct.

I have said that English-society people make but little effort to impress or astonish; and I explained that they have no wish to be thought individually remarkable, because that sort of ambition among them is a very exceptional thing. What they do value is the "getting on;" and the inevitable effect of living among them is to make one think that that is the best thing one can do. Certainly those old familiar ideas of the poets and moralists, "truth, innocence, fidelity, affection, &c.," which one always felt at home with in the snug corners of the parlours at the village sewing-circles, suddenly became strange to me and very unreal and whimsical. They danced off at a distance in the oddest and most fantastical manner. If anybody sneered at "upholstery," or spoke contemptuously of rank and fashion, you at once fancied some one had

snubbed him ; if he praised virtue, you suspected him of wanting a dinner. But while the lust of the eyes and the pride of life are everything to upper-class Englishmen, you hear wonderfully little said about these things. Carlyle and Thackeray, the poets and satirists and the goody old maids who write the novels, though they have quite shut the mouths of these brave gentlemen, have by no means driven such thoughts out of their hearts. To give you to understand that they are persons of consequence, they would think the last degree of vulgarity. Yet, if they do not claim consequence, it is not because they do not value consequence. They know that to assert openly their demand is not the best way to have it accorded them. The avidity of Mrs. Governor Brown and Mrs. Judge Jones for the best rooms at the hotels, and the recognition and sympathy of all the railway conductors, is unknown in England. But the two manners, so different apparently, are not so different essentially. Both demand consideration and consequence—the one only more successfully than the other. The quiet demeanour, the

sedulous avoidance of self-assertion, the critical look, the slightly reserved bearing, say very plainly, "See, I am a person of consequence." Both make the same inferior claim. The one makes it in a wise, refined, and successful way; the other in a foolish, vulgar, and unsuccessful way.

"Pose" is the name given to this wise, refined, and successful manner of self-assertion. It may be defined as the quality of absolute quiescence. By the aid of it we move with the semblance of unconsciousness through a throng of which we are inspecting every individual. Society has discovered (what the young find it so hard to learn) that by looking quite blank we may keep people altogether in the dark as to what we are thinking about. That which Mr. Phunky found so difficult—to look as though no one were looking at him—London society has learned to do. Yet I think that some other quality besides mere quiescence is necessary to "pose." That we will suppose to be some beauty (whether physical or spiritual) of face or form. An unconscious costermonger would not be imposing. I have seen

flunkies who possessed the quality to a greater degree than their masters, and who were yet not admirable. A thing must be beautiful absolutely before it can be beautiful in any one condition—particularly in that of rest. No doubt the young men are as fine-looking a lot of fellows as can be found. They have good physiques, which they keep in good condition; they have had an education among people of breeding and cultivation; they have been at the best schools, and brought away such culture as they could not help getting; they have had respect and consideration from their cradles; they know very well they have nothing to ask of society. But besides all this, they owe most to the pains which they lavish upon their exteriors. That last is an important point. Let Carlyle deride the Stultz swallow-tail. The Stultz swallow-tail and the white waistcoats, and the gold chains, and the wonderful linen, and the silk stockings, and the beautiful boots—these between them do work wonders. The young dons at the universities and the young clergy of England—than whom no finer race of gentlemen exists, candid, catholic, modest, learned, courteous—are

yet not so beautiful as the men of Pall Mall and St. James's Street. The reason is that they do not so generally seek the outdoor life, and especially that they give no such scrupulous and continuous care to the decoration of the ambrosial person.

In English ladies, "pose" is particularly admired, yet I am not sure that the novelists do not make too much of it. The female phenomenon at a circus is trained to stand with one foot on the back of a galloping horse, and yet not for a moment lose her equable expression of countenance. Surely, then, it were no such great thing to teach a lady to move amid a throng of well-disposed people with the appearance of equanimity and unconsciousness. The ladies are beautiful, especially the younger and softer of them; they choose to stand still, and the impression which is really due to some quality of face or form or spirit is ascribed to attitude. But I doubt if quiescence is the highest attainable condition of mind and body. Grace is beauty become expressive and vital. That is the quality which must delight us while we move upon the earth, and we are not content with any state of things

which robs us of it. We shall not always be here, and we are impatient that whatever there is lovely in life should be in haste to express itself. Grace, I should say, was the expression of a beautiful past. It finds egress, we know, in any sort of action—walking, sewing, reading, or singing—but most of all in dancing. Here, fortunately, the baneful influence of “pose” is counteracted. The ball seems to be the invention of some good friend of humanity to force people to be quite themselves. Self-indulgence and conceit generate ugliness; virtue and self-denial beget beauty, and we know how necessary it is that people should always be expressing these things. No training of the body can eradicate vulgarity; no awkwardness or inexperience of limb can suppress grace. With what odious sensations the trained dancing-girls of the Alhambra afflict us! What indescribable pleasure some little creature’s mistakes who blunders in the Lancers afford us!

“Pose” has been adopted by English people of fashion in self-defence. London and Texan societies have this one point in common—they all go armed, even to the women. As acquaint-

ances in the South-west discuss politics over their slings and cocktails, with knives and revolvers half hidden in their belts, so the London swell, as you meet him at the club or the party, hardly conceals under his waistcoat and watch-chains the handles of his weapons of defence ; and, set like jewels in the girdle that zones a lady's waist, you detect the dearest little gemmed and mounted implements of destruction. The Englishman conducts himself as though he were in an enemy's country. In the strictest apostolic sense he regards this life as a warfare. "And well he may," he would say. "Consider what people we meet, what dangers we encounter by sea and land, on the promenade, in the park, and at the watering-place. The *parvenu* walks abroad in daylight. All about us are people who don't know their grandfathers. Everywhere rich contractors and lotion-sellers lie in ambush. It behoves us to tread cautiously. And not only are we in constant dread of these people, but we must be for ever on our guard against those of our own sort. If we are affable to our superiors, they may think us familiar ; if we are civil to

our equals, they may fancy we think them better than ourselves. So, amid imminent perils from the insults of the great, from the snubs of equals, and the familiarities of inferiors, we move through this dangerous wilderness of society."

Of the external advantage of London society I have already spoken. Its machinery is nearly perfect. One meets numbers of persons who not only bear themselves perfectly, but seem to think and feel almost with perfection; women sensible and gracious, men from whom reflection and high purpose have removed every trace of triviality. Parties and receptions have this advantage; we have the perfection of social ease with those to whom we are under no obligation to be agreeable. The guests cannot be unconscious and oblivious of the host, nor the host of the guests. But between those who meet on common ground there may be silence or conversation, just as is most comfortable. Hence the benefit of such an organised social establishment as London possesses. The great distinction which rank and money obtain in England may perhaps be irksome to those who spend their lives

in the midst of its society. To a stranger or sojourner, it is a novel and interesting feature. One felt that here was company which, however it might be in Saturn and Jupiter, no set of tellurians at least could affect to despise. You enjoyed this sensation. All round this wide planet, through the continents and the islands of the sea, among the Franks and the Arabs, the Scandinavians, the Patagonians, and the Polynesians, there were none who could give themselves airs over this. The descendants of Adam, the world over, could show nothing better.

English Sundays and London Churches.

I DOUBT if there is, upon the outside, an uglier or more unattractive holiday in the world than Sunday in an English or American town. There is something in the spectacle of the closed shops and barred windows, the long, deserted business thoroughfare, and in the ringing of the iron cellar doors over which your feet rattle drearily, to the last degree desolate and inhospitable. Even in the parks and city squares the day does not lose its disconsolate aspect. The shoemaker and his wife trundling their baby carriage afflict us with a sense of commiseration. His Sunday clothes and his wife's parasol and their solemn, circumspect walking about, suggest most vividly his unhappy, shabby toil, his unending drudgery.

Can there be anything but ugliness in a city square upon a Sunday, with an iron bench to sit upon, a gravel path to walk upon, a policeman near at hand, and the sight of three or four smart young clerks condemned to spend the day in each other's company. There is, however, in many American towns (I never saw anything of the kind in London), a street where the nice people walk up and down on Sunday afternoons. The young ladies are pretty and gay and loquacious, and the young gentlemen, though a trifle overdressed, are happy and endeavour to be agreeable. On a winter or autumn afternoon, the fine promenade of an American city is bright and splendid. There is something a little hard, something not quite warm and generous, in the spectacle of the long, cold, gay street. Yet the scene is not unpleasing. The polished window-pane is now and then lit up with a flickering ray of the firelight within. Certainly the day is not without austerity even here. But the neighbourhood of friends in a great city finds one well contented with the severity and peculiarity of the religious festival of the week. I am willing to put

up with the abolition of the shop-windows, and the desolation of streets so bright on other days, with the depressing hilarities of the people, and the dismal bits of green grass, with fountains, iron benches, policemen, and baby-carriages. The tinge of gloom which hangs over the elegant quarter of the town is agreeable rather than otherwise. I am glad of the Puritan reminiscence which yet hangs about our Sunday. It is well that there should be one day in the week which we are under some vague obligation not to give to trivialities, when at times we shall even repress that laughter and joking at the sound of which dreams and emotions are apt to break away and vanish, when the lights are lowered and fingers wander over the keys, and "The spacious firmament on high," and "By cool Siloam's shady rill," are sung by the voices of the kind and good.

The English Sunday is more sombre than our own. Here the day wears more of a holiday aspect; the people in the streets look happier and are better dressed. The genteel English think it common and snobbish to dress much on Sunday. Of course they ascribe this notion to

their nicer sense of propriety; but how much of it is due to superior taste and sanctity, and how much to the tradition that snobs dress on Sunday because persons of their station are compelled to work on other days, I do not pretend to decide. One may say that the English, as a rule, regard Sunday with rather more sobriety and strictness than ourselves. They think it is godless to stay away from church; and it is to the churches one must go to see the English Sunday. We, in this country, have always had a poetic curiosity and interest in the churches and parsonages of England. The "decent church" (inimitable adjective!) when, for the first time, on the road from Liverpool to London, one sees it crowning a well-clipped, humid hill-top, softly returns to the imagination as something known in infancy and forgotten. Ever since childhood our minds have been filled with innumerable stories and poems about the parsons and parsonages. There is the Vicar of Wakefield, and there is the clergyman in the "Deserted Village;" and, later, we are familiar with many admirable or amusing parsons or 'parsons' wives and daughters on the pages of

Miss Austin and Trollope. The clergyman seems to have been the best man in their society to unite in his person virtue and gentility with tragical poverty. On the other hand, there is in the lives of many clergymen's families just that *plenum* of earthly comfort which is alluring for the gentler uses of literature, just that happy balance of circumstances which equally removes the household from the ugliness of want, and from the pretension which is the peril of too much success. The parson has been called the "centre of English society." High and low, rich and poor, all group themselves about him, and compute their position by reference to him. He touches the community at every point; he may know everybody, though his place is a very variable and accidental one. His importance, of course other things being equal, is in proportion to his income. He is a greater man in the country than in town. Some parsons are very much greater than others. Between a bishop and a poor curate there exists what the novelists would call a "gulf." Indeed, I am told that a young curate, when speaking to a bishop in the street,

would be likely to take off his hat and stand bareheaded. In London, the priest appears to lose himself amidst the crowd ; but even there he retains an intrinsic identity and distinctiveness which nobody else possesses.

We have, besides, been attracted by the artistic and poetical qualities of the Church of England. It possesses these attractions, not because it is a State Church, but because it is a National Church. It is the Church of all, and, because the people in humble and middle life outnumber the great and the fortunate, it is more the church of the poor than of the rich. This fact gives it substance and depth, and a sombre strength, like the chill sod and damp winds of their autumn evening. In the Church the people have for ages been christened, married, and buried ; indeed, any other kind of religious establishment has a look either shabby or glaringly brand-new. With us it is always the particular church, say, at the corner of Moyomen-sing Avenue and 18th Street, which attracts or repels one. Is it a good place to go ? Do we like the clergyman, and do we like the people ? One of the best parts of any Church Service here,

I take it, is shaking hands with acquaintances going down the aisles. We go here to those houses which attract and please, which are the brightest and happiest-looking. The minified cathedrals, where gloom was secured by the same cheap means by which one can get it in any pantry, namely, by having no windows, are replaced by houses of worship more fit and sensible. We have no old churches; and antiquity here is so weak and unimportant, that people do well in ceasing altogether to imitate its solemn and pathetic impressions. How slight and feeble is our past, the man will feel who loiters in Trinity church-yard, or strolls for an hour in St. Paul's, the interior of which wonderfully resembles an old English church. What comes to us from pre-revolutionary times is scarcely more inspiring than the rubbish left in an attic by the people who move out to those who move in. Who that drops his ticket at Wall Street Ferry cares to remember that, on that spot, George and Martha Washington landed from Virginia ninety years ago; or who of the crowds that flock hourly about the Exchange calls to mind that, on the balcony of a building

which once stood there, the first president was inaugurated? The mighty To-Day of the continent is scarcely conscious of these trifles. It is different in England. George III., with his tumultuous, triumphant Empire, and his thundering Waterloos and Trafalgars, curbs the conceit and insolence of the living. So far as duration goes, America has had the very respectable past of nearly four centuries. But, whatever is ancient in point of time by association with this continent, seems to partake of its newness. What is old here does not at all become precious because it is rare. It is rather swallowed up in the all-pervading, all-forgetting present. A tomb-stone with 1790 scratched upon it is a less impressive object here than in Europe. The occupant has no constituency; there are too few of him to make it worth while to take him into account. But even the recent past in Europe is strong, because of the multitudes which disappear with a generation, and of the ages full of life and history upon which it lies. The names over the chancel of men who fell with Nelson, and the tablets upon the walls, not a half century old, appeal to us with a strange earnestness.

There is no doubt that these English temples possess sublime and fervid impressions which houses of worship of yesterday cannot produce. Yet the services in many of them, particularly in the West-End, are very dull and vapid. The churches were a third full, with pretty much everybody asleep or inattentive. The most devout and enthusiastic worship is to be found in those parts of London inhabited mainly by the lower middle classes—people who live by trades and small shops. In some churches, where the pews are reserved until the time for the service to begin, the outside public range themselves along the aisle, waiting to take the unoccupied seats when the moment comes. In other churches the pews are thrown open during the evening service, and anybody can come in and take a seat, the only precedence being such as long occupation and courtesy give. I remember a young lady who hustled me out of a comfortable corner on the plea that it was “hers.” There she sat and opened her prayer-book and surrendered herself almost greedily to her ecstasy and meditation. How she valued that snug corner I could tell from the warlike

expression of her countenance, when for a moment I looked sceptical of her right to eject me.

This was at St. Dominic's, with the curate of which church I had the good fortune to contract an acquaintance. The curate of St. Dominic's was a very good, laborious, and capable man. He preached two or three sermons on Sunday; his evenings were occupied with lectures and charities; during five days of the week he taught a great city school. The rest of the time he took in writing his two sermons, visiting the sick and burying the dead, in reading the Bible to all the bed-ridden old women in the parish, and in baptising certain red and blue-faced, black-haired and very tender babies. How shall I describe him—a saint without a feebleness, a humorist without scepticism, an Englishman without a trace of the egotist, a tireless worker and an unquestioning child of duty; yet with the most generous sense of enjoyment, and a most modest charity for the indolent and the semi-virtuous. I had a note to him from a friend who had met him in Switzerland. With his countenance I saw a good deal of St. Dominic's.

Often on Sunday evenings at 7 o'clock I used to call at the curate's lodgings for the chance of a walk with him to church, or rather a trot, for we were nearly always late, the parson stopping to tack a tail on to his sermon. It was a mile away, and the chimes of St. Dominic's were clanging as we brought up the vestibule. It was an ancient building, standing in what is called the "City,"—a district inclosed by the old walls and now entirely taken up by trade. I got my seat in church, and when the bell stopped, the procession of choristers, dressed in white, began to move up the aisle, the youngest and tenderest coming first, the older and taller following. The little ones were often beautiful boys, with the soft tender English complexion, and looked like angels, though I often saw them nudging each other when they were responding the loudest, and communicating by dumb show, with spelling upon their fingers and with grimaces. Their faces were so clean, and they had their hair so well brushed, that it was easy to see that some neat and proud mother had inspected every one of them. One little fellow in particular looked as

if his mother had followed him all about the room, holding him by the chin, brushing his forehead and temples violently as he retreated, and, perhaps, giving him now and then a crack on the head with the hair-brush. The procession grew coarser as it grew older; the difference between the little and the big choristers was much like that between young and tender leeks and onions gone to seed. The choristers were, I suppose, taken almost entirely from the families of small shopkeepers and mechanics. Directly behind the grown choristers, and attired very much like them, came the clergy; and the contrast between their countenances showed more plainly than anything I remember seeing, the unmistakable unlikeness of gentlemen to persons who are not gentlemen. There were the well-defined, educated faces of two or three young clergymen, and in a singular contrast was the loutish, indistinct chaos in the countenances of the overgrown singers.

The curate preached always in the evenings, and led a good part of the service. His sermons were delivered in a low, musical monotone or recitative. They were thoughtful and well ex-

pressed, excellent sermons, among the best I heard in London ; but what made them especially admirable was the manifest purity of the man, the reality of his goodness. Whether he read or preached, or prayed, or sat silent, you felt the influence of a devoted spirit. It is the sort of man he is, not so much what he says, that makes a clergyman a good one. You would not care to have a vulgar, superficial, or conceited person sit in your room and occupy your attention for an hour. It is just as unpleasant to have any such man moving constantly before your eyes in church, praying, reading, and exhorting. Of vulgarity one sees very little among the English clergy, but, of course, most clergymen, like most other people, do not possess very clear ideas, and it is necessary that they be exhibiting their lack of strength during the whole time they occupy the eyes of the congregation. Their manner of reading the Bible seems to be altogether without sense or reason. They take the promises, the revelations, the ecstasies, the lamentations, and the genealogies all in the same voice, and at the same pace. I remember once to have heard, in the afternoon

service at Westminster Abbey, a clergyman reading the Scriptures in a heavy, sonorous voice, with which he was obviously very well contented. Paul, in the chapter read, has been speaking in a lofty, Apostolic strain, which the agreeable baritone suited very well. But he closes the epistle with some commonplace messages, which are manifestly not to be read with the same sublimity of enunciation as the other parts of the chapter. But the clergyman grandly intoned, "Bring Zenas, the lawyer-r-r-r-r," and the cadences of this bathetic expression rolled among the arches of the cathedral and over the heads of the people. The curate of St. Dominic's intoned the service also, and with the motions of his voice his large congregation was instinctively in sympathy. His reading was affecting, as I have said, owing, not so much to any grace of manner, or agreeable vocal cadences (though his [voice was a sweet one), as to the purity and devotion of his spirit. Some more modern sorts of sin, I used to think, though, might have very well found their way into his liturgy. Could he not have elided "From false doctrine, heresy and schism,"

and have intoned instead, "From inconstancy and vain obliviousness, from ennui, lassitude, and all self-admiration!"

St. Dominic's was one of the oldest of the city sanctuaries, its history stretching way back before Elizabeth. The church was destroyed and rebuilt at the time of the great fire. Its aisles have been the resting-place of city worthies as long as London has had Lord Mayors, or London women have been comely. Their quaint memorials were upon the windows—"Thomas Watson, citizen, of Milk Street,—1513." How many generations of listless children, lying back in these pews during the long service, have spelt out his virtues on the marble underneath, and wondered what a quaint old fellow he was, and how strange it must be to be dead so long, and have one's name scratched in such queer characters under the painted figures of saints and martyrs, then sighed to think what an age it would be till dinner. St. Dominic's was just such a church as old City magnates should have worshipped and grown rich in. The place had a look of tarnished bullion and dingy guineas; it made one think of the dark corners

of old counting-rooms. On the walls and over the chancel, upward-gazing saints aspired with the faith of long-gone ages. The glad singing of the choristers and the murmurings of the people arose incessantly; from the tablets upon the walls the past gave testimony. There, with the dark wilderness of London trade without, the people knelt and worshipped in the same old place which had been a landmark to their believing fathers.

After church the curate used to guide me through all sorts of strange lanes and arcades, and openings, and narrow passages through which we could scarcely get abreast, to the vicarage, which was a third of a mile away, where half-a-dozen of the parsons of the neighbourhood gathered for supper. Incessant and indefatigable as he was, he yet seemed to have more time for his friends than many men who do not accomplish a fourth of his work. I took advantage of all the time I could get of him. He was always to be found after church on Sunday, when the same group that gathered at the vicarage came to him to lunch. These meetings were

marked by a friendship and abandon rare, I should have supposed, among Englishmen. This we owed to the hospitality of the curate's spirit, and his laugh, which, I think, was one of the most delightful I ever heard. He possessed a most capacious nature. His humour, of which he had a great deal, was just like his frame, large and ruddy. He was from the farmer class; and, it seemed to me, that he had in his blood the jollity of a hundred Christmas Eves, and in his voice the warmth and volume of centuries of roaring Yule-logs upon the hearth. He had perfect health; he was three-and-thirty, indeed, but he had that other youth—the youth of purity and simplicity. On Sundays he usually came back from church in great spirits. His talk with his clerical friends ran upon parish matters, the peculiarities of some familiar people, an odd answer of a charity scholar to a question in the catechism, or what had been seen and heard among the poor during the week. For instance (this was told me in a subdued voice, as if to apologise for its profanity), the curate had called upon a poor girl who had lost her baby. He

tried to comfort her, and told her that it was better off where it was. She was inconsolable; but when he reminded her that it had gone to Heaven, she said "yes" (sobbing), that she believed it was a "bloody little angel." I mention this to show the strength of the soil from which these men drew their nutriment. Their conversation was full of fact and personal experience; but the wit and pleasure, the "sweet insanity" to which the company attained when their minds were the clearest and kindest, they owed to the patronage and hospitality of the host. The freedom and perfect unselfishness of the parson provoked the humour of his guests to the very limit of audacity; indeed, at times, to the border of delirium.

This pale photograph is all I have with which to reproduce his modesty, his efficiency, his goodness, his friendship, his humour. Even these words—a hieroglyphical sort of suggestion of him rather than of definition—may bring him into trouble, should they find their way across the ocean. The ladies at the vicarage, where we used to sup on Sunday evenings after service, used to

tease him sorely. Indeed, that was the way they took to testify the warm regard in which they held the curate. They had rather a handle against him in the great devotion of certain old ladies in the parish. These old people could not help testifying their love of him, and not very skilful in expressing themselves, would make use of epithets rather more fond than accurate. Expressions meant for parsons of the honeyed or pallid and ascetic sort sat rather absurdly upon his broad shoulders. Then there were certain good and pretty women who used to persecute this devout man and worthy servant by recalling these compliments in his presence. Thus he was never permitted to forget that he had been called "the handsomest curate in Wolverton." Perhaps they may find something in my encomiums to tease him about. I can see him after church on Sunday evenings at the vicarage, indulging deep draughts of beer, and very busy at the cold chicken, amid gusts of his own laughter and expostulation, exclaiming that a certain friend of his is a "blasted Yankee," "a heretic," &c.

People in England do not run together so much

by churches as in this country. There is the broad division between the Establishment and the Dissenters, much broader than that between any two American denominations, though the line is by no means so marked as it once was. But you find comparatively very little association by particular church societies. In the West-End there is none at all ; in the less fashionable parts of London the Church is a sort of focus for the congregation, but to no such degree as in America. They have nothing like our Sunday schools, about which the young people in an American town and village get together, and which, in their own minds, they associate much more intimately with cider and hickory nuts than with the catechism. Sunday schools in England are entirely for the poor. The original object was to teach children who could not go to school during the week. Of the bright and attractive gatherings of pretty children and happy people among us they have no idea. The Sunday school here is so national and peculiar an institution, that I wonder it has not got into literature. The number of people, the country through, who have recollections of them, must be

very great. In the days when school discipline was severer than at present, a boy's reason for liking them was that they did not "lick" and "keep in." But the man who looks back upon those festivals will remember some impressions more exalted and mystical than any he has known since. There was a pale little girl, with a demeanour of almost severe purity, and a face quite grave and intense, who, on Sunday mornings, was hid from him too often by intervening and constantly interrupting heads and bonnets. The breeze that swung the branches into the open windows, rattled the Bible leaves, and blew a skein of her yellow hair over her temples. Then there was a boy of fifteen, who was the secretary, and who wore coat-tails, and who was a very great personage. With book in hand and pencil behind his ear, he went among the girls and gathered pennies, and received the offering of the pale little girl, apparently unconscious that she was unlike the others. This boy was marshal, and wore a rosette on excursions, and when a missionary came to address the school, he rose and moved a vote of thanks. Wild and thrilling eminence! There was but one unpleasant

thing about the Sunday school, that to-morrow was Monday, and that the sight of the pale little girl, and the pleasant hubbub about Jonah and Elijah, would be exchanged for the long, dark school-room, and the desks and the black-boards, and "What place was celebrated for its manufactures?" and "What place for the intelligence of its inhabitants?" the odious smell of slate and slate-pencil; the master's ruler over the hands and his cane over the legs.

But Sunday schools have of late years become much prettier places than they were fifteen or twenty years ago. At present they fit them up with fountains, nice furniture, and warm-coloured carpets, and the walls are decorated with mottoes and texts of Scripture in red, blue, and gilt. They sing sweetly and heartily, and the conversational hubbub of voices is bright and exhilarating. The confusion of tongues and subjects, when one sits in the midst of it, is agreeable. A little boy near you spells out, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." In the Bible class a young collegian of an investigating and somewhat sceptical turn is confounding the wisdom of his simple-minded teacher, who is

really in much awe of him, expostulates with his erudition and logical superiority, and warns him that too much learning has made him mad. Over the way the bears are devouring the boys who mocked Elisha ; while a fair little group of girls to your left are taking down the priests of Baal to a destruction which they and their teacher in a rather matter-of-course and apathetic manner appear to approve. Considering that so many human beings are cut to pieces, the look of mild and tacit acquiescence in the young teacher's countenance is rather dreadful, and it is somewhat strange that the scholars should inspect each other's dresses, and exchange confidences, and that their faces should fall into absent and far-away expressions.

They have none of these pretty things in England. I once attended a sort of Sunday school in the loft of a warehouse down by the river, where some bargees were taught. The young boatmen walked in in single file with an enormous clamping of boots, which must have been wooden, and an expression upon their countenances of an intention to behave with great

decorum. They knelt down much as you would suppose a row of Egyptian obelisks to do, and when down you wished that they would never attempt to get up again. One young man did continue kneeling some moments longer than was necessary. He arose with as much haste as possible, and the whole of them, as a matter of course, immediately crammed their handkerchiefs down their throats (or whatever in a bargee's wardrobe corresponds to a handkerchief), and by this pantomime expressed their readiness to choke rather than violate propriety. I suppose that all British Sunday schools are modifications of this one. As the children who compose them are taken altogether from the very poorest, a look of squalor and dirt must be, I imagine, inseparable from them.

St. Dominic's had no Sunday schools like ours, yet the young people of the church had some exceedingly pleasant ways of spending time. For instance, they had dances during the Christmas holidays in the school-room of the church, to the great scandal of some of the neighbouring parishes. A small sum was charged for admission. The

room was prettily decorated with holly, evergreen, and ivy; and all the young people of the church came and danced. Over this little realm, hid in the heart of London trade, the vicar's wife, a person of much sense and beauty, exercised a pleasant rule. Most of the young men had rather a half-baked look; the best of them, it was easy to see, were not quite done. But my experience is that gentle and refined and lady-like women are of no class at all; you find them everywhere. For centuries the beauty of London women has been famous. These young ladies, indeed, were not quite like the slight, pale slips, and faintly tinted blue-bells of the West-End. Bloom and zone they possessed in abundance. The faces of many of them were exceedingly comely. They had health, spirits, good-nature, and much freedom and humour. St. Dominic's was very high, or very broad, or both, or neither, I forget which; but, at any rate, it occupied just that theological attitude which a church may hold and give charity balls to the young people. At such times the school-room was too small, and they secured a hall in the neighbourhood. These assemblages, I

think, attracted rather a higher class of people than the dances in the school-room. Thither came the most devout and charitable ladies of the parish. You may fancy how pleasant it was ; the church at Philippi gave me the right hand of fellowship. I was permitted to waltz with Priscilla, to gallop with Lydia, and to *balances* and turn not a few of the chief women in the lancers.

St. Dominic's, it will be seen, practised a very agreeable type of Christianity. It must not be imagined, however, that this religion was in very general vogue. I heard a number of elderly people say that they never heard of such things in their lives as a dance in a church school-room. But a great many strange things have come to pass which elderly people never heard of. It really seems at present that everybody is tolerated except the Evangelicals. There are in England at present a great many kinds of people, and a great many kinds of belief. They have a strong, ably expressed, and respectable unbelief, like which we have nothing in America ; and lying oddly by the side of it is a good deal of what might be termed "religion as a matter of course." Thus,

it is mentioned in the Blue Books that certain children in the agricultural regions cannot tell who made them ; yet this is not to be wondered at, when so many of the learned professors in the universities say they don't know. As a specimen of the diversity of opinion one meets with, a young lady once told me that she saw no reason to believe in the immortality of the soul ; and that women, she thought, were religious because they had nothing else to do. The next day a young curate assured me that on no account could he marry an Evangelical girl ; though this austerity, I fancy, was a reminiscence of a severe youth which time and nature had mollified. (He promised, by-the-way, that he would take me to call upon an "Evangelical girl," which he never did.) Between these extremes there is obviously room for some shades of opinion. Yet widely diverse as are the notions of men, all alike receive the heritage which the strong religious moods of early England have bequeathed them. They yet have the churches and the universities, St. Paul's, the Abbey, and Magdalen cloisters. There yet remain abodes of solitude and emotion which no

modern hands can imitate, where men in mighty cities can retire apart for an hour from the crowd, and dust, and turmoil.

The night of my arrival in London I stopped at a hotel not far from Westminster. It was raining during the evening, and I did not go out, but sat before the grate in the smoking-room, strangely reflecting upon the strange, dark, new, old world about me. It was one of those large hotels to which people go who know nothing about London, and I had dined in a hushed and stately dining-hall instead of the dingy little coffee-room one should always seek. I was disappointed with the arid elegance of my surroundings, and began to fear that the world I was to enter upon the morrow might be as vain and modern. There was a young clergyman sitting near me, with whom I entered into talk. He was the rector of a parish somewhere in Shropshire, of which he told me the name, and it had an extremely pleasant country sound. (The reader will perhaps think me impressible, but why should I tell him of the stupid people I met?) I had never met a man, it seemed to

me, with a manner and spirit more refined, and when afterwards I had an opportunity to know him better, that impression was fixed and strengthened. His countenance and behaviour united gentleness and purity, softness and dignity. In the course of the conversation he spoke of the Abbey, and as he was modestly and kindly communicative, I got from him a good deal about it. He took a pencil and sketched me some hints of its architectural history; and he told me this story, which is perhaps familiar to many of my readers, but was new to me. Ages ago a clear stream watered the grassy margin of the river, where now the brown, viscid wave of the Thames laves its stone walls and embankments. Once at night a boatman saw upon the bank a man who beckoned him to come nearer. He rowed him across the stream to where the Abbey stood. The figure entered, and immediately the church was filled with light and music, and singing angels. It was St. Peter who came to possess and consecrate his Cathedral. When my acquaintance retired he proposed that we should attend the ten o'clock services at the Abbey the next

morning. "They have every day," he said, "a morning and afternoon service. It is well to have some place in the heart of the city where one can be apart with one's God." The manner of the young clergyman was constrained and diffident; I can convey no impression of the gentleness and purity with which these words were uttered.

The next morning we went to the Abbey. I have never been since so distinctly conscious of the mood of which it was the expression—if it be not presumption to talk of distinctness upon such a subject. I felt in the authors of that work a sense of that strong exclusion which possesses all artists in their clearest moments. Had the builders not had the sympathy of the multitude, these were emotions which, when brought in contact with an alien and astonished atmosphere, would have appeared how wild, how strange! They could not have survived a day which did not comprehend them. But the aspiration and exultation had been changed to the stone of the solid globe. The thoughts of the builders may now fly hither and thither, the builders die and their visions with them, but still that dream en-

tranced remains ; the towers yet linger, the arches exult, the saints aspire ; so I thought when first those aisles and ascending vaults were revealed to me, and when, with the pious few gathered under its canopy, I first heard the rejoicing of the choristers.

Two Visits to Oxford.

A NOTION, I believe, still prevails very generally that Oxford and Cambridge are the universities of the English aristocracy. It is to the novelists that we owe this impression. Years ago, these universities were very much such places as Bulwer and Thackeray have painted them. But they have altered, and there has been nothing in their recent literature to mark the change. They still exist to a large portion of the public as elegant and aristocratic as ever. To the imagination of the English shop-girl, Oxford and Cambridge are yet peopled by a race of the most delightful heroes, who breakfast in velvet, who have valets and tigers and tandems, who ride and shoot and borrow each other's money, who are aristocratically lavish and aristocratically hard up.

Now, on the contrary, the real Oxford does not resemble this conception in the least, and at first sight, perhaps, the social life of the place is even plainer and more commonplace than we should observe it to be on closer acquaintance. One has scarcely stepped into the streets before he meets numbers of well-behaved, modest youth, walking by twos and threes, not in droves, as students patrol the streets of an American university town. There cannot be found in Europe, I imagine, a more well-conducted, orderly generation of young men. The most of them are from the middle classes and are upon limited incomes. The average allowance of an Oxford undergraduate is not more than 1,200 dollars, upon which, of course, magnificence is out of the question. The number of clergymen's sons is very great, and these, as a rule, are poor.

It is thought that a man can live nicely and entertain moderately on 1,500 dollars. The undergraduates have a dinner "in Hall" of fish, roast, and sweet, and at dinner they usually drink beer instead of wine. They have opportunities for luxury and elegance in their breakfasts, which

they make very inviting. They brew at Oxford a claret cup with which nothing of the same kind one tastes anywhere else can be compared. The young men are exceedingly kind and hospitable, and they possess a modesty which absolutely humiliates one.

An English youth, as I saw him in the army or at the universities, who is sufficiently well born to have all the advantages of breeding, and sufficiently removed from exceptional fortune not to be tempted to folly and nonsense, has the very perfection of behaviour. He has, besides, very nearly the perfection of right feeling towards his associates, which cannot be said of him a few years later. I knew some of the undergraduates of Christ Church and Baliol. Under their guidance I went the walks of the universities, and especially remember a bath in the river, to which I consented under the impression that it would be rather an interesting and romantic action, and would furnish a pretty souvenir, but I found the wave of the Isis much too cold for comfort. Christ Church is rather a college for the sons of rich men; it is not considered, I

believe, that they do much work there. Baliol is one of the working colleges—those which take the honours. The talk of the Baliol men, I thought, ran rather more to books and literature than the conversation at Christ Church. This was possibly due to the fact that a Christ Church man was to give a ball that week, which was naturally the topmost matter of interest among the men of his college. At Baliol, when the pewter cup of beer went round, of which each took a cool swig in succession, we spoke of matters which are rarely discussed with interest except at universities and by very young men. We talked of the poets, and I remember one young gentleman's enthusiasm swept him into reciting a half dozen lines of Greek.

The pride in scholarship, and the respect for it, I am told, are very much on the decline. Firsts and double-firsts are not held in such esteem as formerly. One hears it said that the boating and cricket men have thrown the reading men into the shade. A good cricketer is asked everywhere, and talked and written about, and pushed in society. Years ago many good stories were told

of the extravagant regard which successful prizemen received from the universities. It was said that a senior wrangler from Cambridge happened to enter a theatre in London at the same time with the Queen, and, hearing the plaudits, placed his hand gracefully over his heart, and bowed his acknowledgments to the audience. The old fashion, no doubt, had its absurdities, as all fashions have; but, upon the whole, it was more reasonable than the present one. We are mistaken if we fancy that it is mere "dig" and memory which makes the successful man in a university examination. It requires not only persistence, but ability, intelligence, and self-possession. Of course where many work, the victory must be to him who works most intelligently. The scholar and the boating man must equally guard against over-training; and at the hour of examination the danger of losing one's head is very much greater than in a boat-race. The stake is so great that the strain of the contest seems a cruel one for very young men to undergo. If they win, they have a competency for the rest of their days—a thing to be appreciated in England, where

a living is so very hard to make. All the mothers and cousins are waiting breathlessly for the issue. Such competition must, I fancy, impart an almost abnormal stimulus to the moral qualities. In the faces of the stronger men one observes some "silent rages," which the intensity of the struggle has nursed. Why such men should have less consideration than a cricketer or a stroke-oar one can hardly see. A strong back and good legs are fine gifts, no doubt; but it is hard to understand why their possessor should be so petted and fêted, should have his picture in the illustrated papers, and have his disorders telegraphed over two continents. The vignettes in the papers appear especially absurd. Why should boating men have pictures made of their faces? They should, it would seem, stand on their heads and have their legs taken.

It was during Commemoration week that I first visited Oxford. The exercises consist of the conferring of degrees upon distinguished persons, and the recital of prize poems in Greek, Latin, and English; and I may incidentally remark, that at no ball or party in England do you ever see so many

pretty girls as at a university commemoration. The same is true, however, of college celebrations everywhere; girls have a way of looking their prettiest at them. The degree conferred upon strangers at Oxford is that of Doctor of Civil Law. It is not supposed that a man should know anything of law to be a D.C.L. Critics, poets, politicians, inventors, noblemen, for being noblemen, are doctored. The first commemoration I saw was at the installation of Lord Salisbury. The candidates were marshalled up the hall from the door in single file, all dressed in red gowns. The Professor of Civil Law, Mr. Bryce, introduced each in a Latin speech, which contained some happy characterisation. The Chancellor then addressed the candidate in another Latin speech, applying to him some complimentary expressions; the bar was raised, and he shook the candidate by the hand, who sat down a D.C.L. Of course, as always happens in England, there was a throng of people of rank who went ahead of abler men. The cheering of the undergraduates, however, went some distance towards equalising things. The men who received the warmest applause were Liddon,

the famous preacher, and Arnold, the poet. When it came to the latter gentleman's turn, all young Oxford in the galleries went wild. They made a prodigious cheering; the young men's enthusiasm was enough to stir some generous blood in the most sluggish veins. Of course, Mr. Arnold's comparative youthfulness had much to do with it, and his recent attacks upon the Dissenters had endeared him to the clergymen's sons in the galleries. The Chancellor, who had been throwing about his *issimes* profusely among people of whom I at least had never heard, contented himself with calling Mr. Arnold, *vir ornatissime*, or some other opprobrious epithet—which, as one of Mr. Arnold's many admirers, I felt called upon to resent. I understood afterwards, however, that Lord Salisbury had considered the propriety of addressing him as *O lucidissime et dulcissime* (most light and most sweet), which, I suppose, would scarcely have done. He did joke, though, in one case; he addressed the editor of the "Edinburgh Review" as *vir doctissime, in republica litterarum potentissime*, and at that everybody was amused. The incident gives one a high idea of the power which inheres

in reserve, dignity, and position. A cabinet minister, by congratulating an editor upon his formidableness in the republic of letters, creates more merriment than could a harlequin by throwing his body into twenty contortions.

The bad behaviour of the undergraduates in the gallery on these occasions is famous. I was present at two commemorations, and can testify to the power of lung and the great good humour and animal spirits of the British youth. At the last commemoration they kept up an incessant howl from the beginning to the end. I cannot say much for the wit, though, I believe, they do sometimes hit upon something worth recording. When Longfellow was made D.C.L. an undergraduate proposed, "Three cheers for the red man of the West," which, I am told, Mr. Longfellow thought very good. But, of course, wit and originality are just as rare among yelling boys as in synods and parliaments. The scant wit is supplemented by the more widely diffused qualities of impudence and vocal volume. When the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Liddell, of Liddell and Scott's Dictionary (the accent of his name, by-the-way,

is not upon the last syllable), was reading a Latin address, some one would call out, "Now construe." A man who violated the canons of dress by appearing in a white coat was fairly stormed out of the place. He stood it for an hour or so, during which he was addressed: "Take off that coat, sir." "Go out, sir." "*Won't* you go at once?" "Ladies, request him to leave." "Doctor Brown, won't *you* put that man out?" (Then, in a conversational and moderate tone), "Just put your hand upon his shoulder and lead him out." After an hour of it, the man withdrew. Each successive group of ladies was cheered as it came in. The young men would exclaim: "Three cheers for the ladies in blue." "Three cheers for the ladies in white, brown, red, grey," &c. The poor fellows who read the prize odes and essays were dreadfully bullied. One young man recited an English poem, of which I could not catch the burden, but from the manner of its delivery I should say that it must have been upon the saddest subject that ever engaged the muse of mortal. His physiognomy and his tone of voice alike expressed the dismal and the disconsolate. I think that possibly the

extreme sadness of his manner may have been induced by the reception rather than the matter of his poem. They cat-called, hooted him, and laughed immeasurably at him. One young gentleman with an eye-glass leaned over the gallery, and in a colloquial tone inquired, "My friend, is that the refrain that hastened the decease of the old cow?" In the intervals of the horrible hootings, I could only now and then catch a word like "breeze" or "trees." By-and-by the galleries caught the swing of the poet's measure, and kept time to his cadences with their feet, and with a rhythmical roar of their voices. It was too painful to laugh at. One felt so for the poor fellow, and more still for his mother and sisters, who, I am sure, were there. I was particularly glad to notice among the men who last year were compelled to face the music, a man who the year before had been especially energetic in the galleries.

To see an English university, one should look at it from the don's side rather than the undergraduates'. Undergraduates are of exceedingly little importance. The dons are the essentials of university life; the students are its transient and

unimportant incidents. At Yale, when we were juniors, we thought ourselves of consequence. We considered a senior greater than a professor, and the tutors we pretended to hold in no esteem at all. The purpose of the founders of the University of Oxford, as one dispirited and conservative old gentleman told me, was originally not study alone, but study and devotion. The colleges were associations of men who gave their lives to learning and religion. The education of youth was rather an afterthought and an incident. Whether or not the present state of things at Oxford and Cambridge is the result of tradition, it is certainly true that the fellows and masters of the colleges constitute the universities. At Cambridge I had letters to two of the Fellows of Trinity; and at Oxford I was the guest for a week of a friend who was a fellow of Oriel. The spirit and social atmosphere of the two universities seemed to me very much the same; almost any statement which might be true of the society of either would be true of the other.

A Fellow, as everybody knows, passes a good examination, and for the rest of his life, or until

marriage, draws from the university an income of from 1,000 to 1,500 dollars. For this he is under no obligation to return any labour. Those who reside at the universities are usually tutors or lecturers, and for these services of course receive extra pay. On marriage they are compelled to resign their fellowships. The men who wish to marry, obtain, if they can, livings in the Church, school-inspectorships, or appointments under government. Recently the universities have been pressing the abolition of the restriction upon marriage, and expecting it from every successive parliament. It is both pleasant and painful to think of the number of interesting young couples who at this moment are waiting for a word from the British Government. A very pretty tale one might make of it. The story of another *Evangeline*, waiting through long years upon the slow steps of legislation, and rising each morning to scan with eager eyes the parliamentary proceedings, might form a good subject for a play or a poem. I examined very few of the considerations in favour of the reform. This one presents itself, however—men are always strangely

tempted to what is forbidden them ; celibacy may not be so irksome, if they know they may marry when they choose. Upon the other side I heard a bachelor urge that the university would cease to be such an equal, reasonable, sensible place as it has been heretofore. The women would introduce discord. The wife of a Head would no doubt think herself above a poor tutor's, and would give herself airs.

Were it not for the peculiar and easily explained susceptibility of college tutors, the circumstances of their bachelor life are so delightful that one might wonder that even matrimony can tempt them away from it. The physical life is looked after very well. The dinners are fair and the lodgings comfortable. The bachelor can do there what is difficult to do elsewhere : he can live well and dine in pleasant company. He is not solitary as at a club, and the company of congenial men who have the same interests with himself makes the commons' dinner infinitely better than any *table d'hôte*. The dons' rooms are of all degrees of comfort and elegance. Some of them are very bare ; others are pretty and

well furnished. The rooms of men who have been some time at the university, and who have a taste for elegance, grow to be pretty; and a pleasantly-arranged room, I believe, must always be the result of time. At Merton College, Oxford, I saw an apartment of which the whole front had been made into a bow-window, facing upon a green and humid quadrangle. Its occupant, I remember, showed me, among his curiosities, a side-board of the 17th century, on which was carved in very bold relief a good part of the events of Genesis. There was a figure of the Lord, about as long as your finger, walking in the garden; and Adam and Eve and the Serpent were engaged in conversation about the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Adam, strange to say, was accompanied by a dog of some choice breed, which smelt about his heels in a rather clumsy wooden manner, but very much as fallen canine nature is yet in the habit of doing. Such elegance and curiousness are unusual, I suppose, though many of the rooms are cozy and inviting. The ceilings are low, and low ceilings are warm and pleasant. One is delighted with the sense

of the ancient atmosphere, the ample grate, the books upon the shelves and strewn about the tables.

At Cambridge I left my cards and letters, and in walking about the town missed seeing J——, of Trinity, who had called in my absence, but I chanced to meet the dean of one of the smaller colleges, whom I had known in London, and I accepted his invitation to his college. I went with him the pretty walk behind the colleges, and, reaching his room, found there several of the tutors who had strolled in, and were sitting in the dusk before the grate, waiting for dinner. The dining-hall of the college was small and dimly lighted. There were but three or four of the Fellows present, and we sat together upon a raised platform. An undergraduate read a long grace in Latin. I sat with my back to the wall, so that I could look over the Fellows down upon the tables, dim and candle-lit, where the young men dined. The fewness of the undergraduates, and the quiet and dark of the hall gave one a feeling something like that which children have when huddled under a big umbrella. Sitting in

talk with these intelligent, unaffected scholars, and having one's heart warmed by their genial converse and kind attention, and with one's only distraction to peep into the dim and quiet ends of the room, how blessed seemed these men's occupations, how pleasant the tenor of their lives; how attractive appeared the comfort, the poetry, and solid happiness there is in learning! The hall at Trinity is, I believe, the great place to see. "If they ask you to dine there, mind you go," I was told. But who does not know the pleasure of finding beauties and curiosities of which the almanacs say nothing! I liked to think that the earth contained so happy a spot as this dim hall of ——— College, unpraised of men and unheralded by the guide-books. I was more diverted with the old side-board at Merton than with the Tower of London.

The next morning the Dean and myself accepted an invitation to breakfast from J——, of Trinity. We climbed up one of those dark, narrow, perpendicular winding staircases, and knocked upon his door, and our host came out to meet us. He introduced me to two or three others whom he

had invited. It was raining, I remember, and the windows of his room looked down upon a dripping garden (garden is the name given to a lawn planted with trees), and a little arched bridge which crossed a stream like a mill-race. The drops fell rapidly against the window-panes, and it was dark and warm in the large, low, old room where we breakfasted. My host's conversation was light and witty, and the talk of the table ran much to politics, and that pleasantest and most instructive kind of discourse, gossip. A good deal was said of education, which is one of the most pressing political questions for Great Britain. One gentleman, who was a school-inspector, had been driving about England, looking at the private schools everywhere along his route, and examining the teachers and scholars. With the exception of the examination, it struck me that this must be a very pleasant occupation.

There were present at this breakfast several men who, I was told, were very clever; and again, as elsewhere in Cambridge and Oxford, was I struck with a quality of theirs, which if I praise they may laugh at me—I mean their

modesty. Some of them were even diffident. It was a pleasure to look at these men, and think, "You know ever so much about international law, and *you* about the Greek philosophy, and nobody knows what *you* can tell us about the particles." My host was a lecturer upon Plato, I believe. We sat together for an hour after breakfast, and I fell to admiring audibly his circumstances and employments. Our conversation was upon topics not usually touched upon by men on the first day of an acquaintance. One of the drawbacks of travel is that natural delicacy which forbids men who are strangers from speaking upon any but trivial subjects. The necessity is sometimes rather hard upon travellers, who are always strangers. But I remember the Trinity lecturer making such a remark as this—that no course of philosophical reading ever gave satisfactory opinions to anybody. Still, it is very well to have tested for oneself the vanity of such a way of getting at the truth. But it is not to be expected that they would appreciate their advantages; scarcely anybody does. My host walked with me about the colleges, and promised, if I

stayed, that I should see an old gentleman who had been Lord Byron's tutor when that young nobleman was an undergraduate at Trinity.

At Oxford I was for a week the guest of a friend who was a Fellow of Oriel. An Oriel Fellowship has always been, I am told, the undergraduate's blue-ribbon; and I presume that the men I met there were very excellent specimens of Oxford. The undergraduates had left the university, and the Fellows of Oriel dined, not in hall, but in the wine-room. A curious feature of the meal, the grace, has been, I believe, incorrectly given by visitors. Before dinner they say "*Benedictus benedicat*," and after dinner—i.e., just before dessert—somebody drops his head in the middle of the talk and says, "*Benedicto benedicatur*." The room is hung round with pictures of the ancient and recent worthies of the college. A fine and large likeness of Clough looked down upon the warm and pleasant scene. This sort of living, compared with the only bachelor modes of existence I had ever known—a club, a boarding-house, or a hotel—seemed perfection. And if the old wainscoted room and the company of the

genial scholars was so pleasing, what did I think one evening when, dining at Merton College, famed for the beauty of its gardens, coffee was served in a rustic seat on the lawn, and, as the summer evening came down upon the grass and the still trees, and a star or two came out and brightened, and the towers over us and about us grew grayer and darker, we sat and talked, and listened far into the twilight?

In a week's stay about Oxford I saw it in many forms and moods. An Oxford quadrangle is the hoariest and most ancient spectacle in my experience. Shut up in one of them at the time of sun-down the impression is particularly strong. One feels the planet to have aged. I found it difficult to conceive that a scene yet strong with the strength of Nature remained anywhere in the world. It was hard to think that beyond the swelling and sinking Atlantic the blue line of the Alleghany trembled over the quiet harvests of a familiar valley, or that the stream of the yellow Missouri drowned with disconsolate floods his black slimy islands of sand.

Some of the quadrangles were very gray and

sombre; others were warm and happy. In the cloisters of Magdalen they have found the flower which best harmonises with the associations of the place. It is the wild rose. Upon a mid-summer afternoon, when Oxford is deserted—when no feet but your own are heard in the cloisters—when the blue air of the quadrangle is warmed to the fill by the sun—there is that in the odour of the flower of wild, yet sweet, of gay, yet yearning, which harmonises well with the spongy turf, with the moist air thrilled by the sunshine, with the cold recesses of the cloister and the benign silence with which the scene regards your footfall.

The character for learning of the men I met at the universities stands, I suppose, as high as that of the same class of men anywhere in the world. It is a pleasure to me to dwell upon their candour and kindness. I discovered scarcely anything to find fault with. "We grow a very disagreeable specimen of prig here," said one. I did not see him. Here and there I met a man whose playfulness had a somewhat learned flavour and whose speeches might, when repeated, have had a sound of pedantry, but the awkwardness was accompanied

by a simplicity which made it rather attractive. I must say, though, that the wit was a little wordy—but that is true of the wit of young college tutors everywhere; their jokes may be said to have extension, their jests and quips remind one of the gambols of a Newfoundland pup. The older men, where they were not more solemn, had rather more pith and point. But the wit of scholars is apt to be diluted, just as is that of the man of fashion, though from a different cause. The wit of the man of fashion shares the general feebleness of his nature; that of the scholar is poor because he does not see enough of life; because the situations in which he is an actor or a looker-on are not sufficiently numerous, various, and rapidly successive.

What especially strikes the visitor at the universities is their way of speaking the unadulterated truth; it does not occur to them that anything else should be spoken. They have their pretenders and humbugs in England just as here—men who live and thrive by the inevitable folly and inattention of the mass of the community. Some poor offspring of a lucky talent and a lucky opportunity wins applause and place and profit with scarcely a

struggle. Some light creature gets the start of this tremendous world, and is swept onward like a leaf. Oxford and Cambridge are the places to hear these men called by their right names. It is just as well that most people do not indulge in such plain speaking, for most people would be apt to be mistaken. But at the universities there are many thinking, educated men, whose opinions are tolerably apt to be correct. They are very little troubled with that charity which will say no ill of your neighbour because the report of it may come to your neighbour's ear. They have no axes to grind, no ulterior aims, no policies. One evening at Oxford a well-known name was mentioned, and the whole company at once agreed that he was an ass. That was my own opinion; but had I mentioned it among people more polite and circumspect, I should have been thought, if not a jealous and deprecatory person, at least a very rash one—perhaps one of those envious detractors who go about tearing the reputations of the great and good. The man was certainly dull and talkative, yet he deserved respect of a kind. There was an acerbity, however, in the comment which his folly

did not quite explain. Why should they so go out of the way to abuse a comparatively unimportant man for merely being an ass? This point was naively met by one ingenuous young accuser, who said, "After all, the only thing I have against him is that he's a successful man."

English writers upon this country have given us the impression that their scholars are less men of the world than our own. I found the young men at Oxford and Cambridge very greatly interested in matters outside their universities. Many of them, I thought, were piqued by the social power which the aristocracy still retains in England, for no men are better placed than themselves to see how belated is the entire face of their society. Not a few of them have aspirations for political careers. Many are barristers and have chambers in London, some few conducting cases, but many more waiting for them. For those who are only students and citizens of the world, the greatest city in Europe is but two hours away. It is they who get most out of university life. They may infest, if they choose, those old quadrangles of Oxford for a lifetime; the ends of Europe are

within two days of them. The physical man and the eating, drinking, and sleeping man are well enough cared for. They have the great libraries, and the constant society of cultivated men in such numbers that they may look about among themselves for suitable acquaintance. They have for a home one of the most beautiful places in the world. There is scarcely a happy circumstance of a scholar's life which fortune and the generous wisdom of the men who have been through centuries the custodians of their university have denied them.

The British Upper Class in Fiction.

"NOT you, but the house derides me," said the wolf to the kid in the fable. This is the answer which society makes to any insolent or arrogant individual who happens to be out of its reach. Fortunate men everywhere are apt to fall into the kid's mistake; and of all swells, none cherishes the delusion so honestly as an Englishman. He stands there protected in that *insouciance* which the novelists admire, and which he himself deems the consummate result of history and human progress, by defences which are none of his making. The radical claim, the fundamental distinction of an Englishman of the upper class is, that no man can get the better of him in *hauteur*. The neighbourhood of the most op-

pressive or confusing personality will run off him like water. He will flush as he passes no man; no man can give him two fingers. Should by any chance his bosom acknowledge impression or trepidation, his exterior shall be calm as stone. And he is proud to think that this gift of his is not the accident of his station or his circumstances, but is an inherent virtue of his own, of which adverse fortune cannot rob him. He may be deprived of health, money, and friends; he may be baffled and beaten here, and lost hereafter; but it is his belief and consolation that the time can never come when he may be snubbed.

To this it may be said, that the courage which confronts a future or a possible evil is a very easy one. Difficulty, until we meet it face to face, is an unknown quantity. It is x ; when really upon us, it becomes $a + b$. He who is in the midst of the difficulty he challenged from a distance, may with perfect consistency retire, claiming that when he made the engagement, he had not sufficient data to go upon. He agreed to encounter x , not $a + b$.

Undoubtedly the qualities which constitute the

distinction in the swell are precisely *not* the qualities which constitute success in the great struggle of man for subsistence. The "survivors" of Mr. Herbert Spencer have succeeded by alert attention, rather than by an elegant inattention. The monkey that saw the apple first got it; the chimpanzee that first saw the wild cat was the first to get away from him. In the "incoherent" ages, when one man met in the forest another who was carrying a sword or a spear, he did not saunter by, relying upon his own unconscious majesty, and the impressibility of his adversary, as a protection against a blow in the back of the head. He was the best man who had the most and the quickest perceptions, rather than he who had the fewest and the slowest.

But whatever may have been true of those remote and uncertain ages, in society, as we know it, the alert, attentive man plainly gets ahead of the inattentive one. A certain suavity and deference in his dealings with others will not hurt him. He cannot ignore the man out of whom he makes money. He cannot snub a client, a customer, or a patient with impunity.

The swell, therefore, whom adverse fortune compels to take his chances with other men, has either to fail, or to relinquish his superb behaviour, and to change his principle of elegant unconsciousness into one of alert attention. He may say that he will die first, which would perhaps be the more heroic and graceful exit from the difficulty, providing he died at once. But he thus registers himself among the defeated and fails—the very thing it was the boast of his ancestors that they did not do. Should he happen to have hostages to fortune, in the shape of wife and children, the complexion of his case would be entirely altered. To take defeat for himself would be his right; to accept it for those dependent upon him would be quite another thing. It is pretty plain, then, that the swell is very much in the position of the kid upon the house-top. If he were a lawyer's clerk, of course these fine ways would have to cease. If he were on the staff of a popular weekly, and had to dance in the liveliest paragraphs under the whip of the managing editor, or the proprietors, or the public, he would find his unconsciousness

and *hauteur* very inconvenient. He would, no doubt, consider the editor a demagogue, an inaccurate, semi-honest, and wholly uneducated person; would gnash his teeth in secret over the failure of the proprietors duly to appreciate their own vulgarity, and would heartily despise the silly public; but when this inadequate revenge had been taken, there would be nothing left for him to do.

It was very easy to see that, as a matter of fact, the young Englishman of the class of which I am speaking did change his manners as soon as his circumstances changed. Men of precisely the same claims of birth had a very different behaviour. Those who had to make their way acquired a more eager, and, as a rule, a more complaisant manner than their luckier cousins. Even diplomatists and private secretaries to heads of departments were evidently alive to, and anxious to conciliate the good opinions of others. At the clubs it was not difficult to pick out, from their more alert behaviour, the men whose fortunes were capable of improvement, and who were on the look-out to better them. In a word,

when in England, I saw that a swell, so soon as he perceives that his distinctions do not pay, relinquishes them.

It will be seen that these distinctions appeal for admiration to persons in a certain middle condition of education. Those who appreciate such graces to the full must be somewhat civilised and yet somewhat immature. A degree of impressibility in the men who look on is the condition of the exercise of the swell's talent. What sort of impression would *insouciance* make upon a hungry tiger? Nor would it impress an educated and acute man who insists upon submitting reverie to the test of definition and criticism. It is to the shop-boy, and the writer for the spring annual, that such graces appeal.

The aristocracy has received, from time to time, very various treatment at the hands of literature. The writers of the age of Queen Anne—a keen and critical race—never gave them any very respectful consideration. Later in the century the novelists dealt with them in a very truthful and sensible fashion. Fielding, I remember, somewhere takes occasion to explain in

a foot-note that by the "mob" he does not mean the common people, but the coarse and the ignoble in every rank. In those days the aristocracy possessed real power. When their power had come to an end, and they retained only their social precedence, the admiration of their class superiorities seems to have begun. It is a somewhat curious fact that Bulwer, Disraeli, the Kingsleys, and other writers of the last quarter of a century, have expressed an admiration for the upper classes which is new in English literature. Nothing of the kind is to be found in their great predecessors, Scott, Miss Austen, and Miss Edgeworth. The reason is, I suppose, that blessings brighten as they take their flight. The strong, whether they be good or bad, need no apology. Praise of them is rather a superfluity and an impertinence. But when power had slipped out of the hands of the upper classes, to justify the social precedence that remained, people began to look about for something of an inherent and permanent nature to admire. The gradual contraction of their privileges removed, too, the "wicked lord" from

romance. His opportunities of wickedness were gone. Earls could no longer kidnap pretty women. Moreover, the rise of a powerful class of merchants, into 'a social prominence scarcely less than that enjoyed by them in Cromwell's time, fixed the attention of society upon the graces of the older aristocracy. The poor clergyman was glad to feel that the people who snubbed his wife were nobodies by the side of his patron. It was perhaps rather pleasant to a banker's clerk to know that there were persons before whom his own despot would have to take off his hat.

But the novel has been the peculiar literary staple of the last thirty years. The upper classes have been of great use to the playwrights and the story-tellers. The throng of tutors, governesses, and young professional men who write for the London magazines, have relied much upon the dramatic capabilities of their unequal society. The fortunate classes anywhere will always be excellent material for art, providing those classes are known to the entire society. The people like to look at them. They take the sort of pleasure in them which they

experience at a *fête* or a pantomime. They wish them well, as they like the novels and the plays to end happily. The converse is also evident. So soon as these classes cease to appear fortunate they cease to be attractive. The cause of the Queen's recent unpopularity is to be found, not in her seclusion, nor in the discontent of the tradesmen who live upon Court patronage, but in the natural aversion of men to the lachrymose and the melancholy. The elegant classes here cannot be used to very great advantage, because a farmer in Illinois has a most indistinct and hazy notion of the habits of a person of fashion in New York or Boston. Moreover, here nobody knows exactly who these classes are. Abroad, this "fine" society is the most distinguished and conspicuous. Here it is the little set whose particular boast is that "nobody knows anything about it."

The reaction which followed the French Revolution; the glory to which England attained during the first third of the present century, to which she was certainly led by the upper classes, and upon which she lived until very lately; the gradual diminution of the privileges of the upper class

and the sense of security from their encroachments—all these things disposed the English people to think very favourably of their aristocracy. Their impressibility and credulity and their curiosity about the aristocracy have been fed by the novelists. Many popular mistakes concerning the manners of the "great" have thus been encouraged. Thackeray even has lent countenance to the superstition that the young men are marked by a certain graceful and reckless generosity. It would seem natural that men who have assured wealth, and a station at the top of society, should exhibit towards each other a simple friendliness and an unthinking generosity, not to be found among people who are compelled to jostle and elbow each other in the struggle for subsistence. But I did not find it to be so. Lord Kew gives Jack Belsize ever so many thousand pounds. But the Lord Kews are scarce in real life. Not only is it hard to find men who give each other fortunes, but Lord Kew's spirit is not at all the spirit of the men I saw. The money they won from each other in the card-rooms and at the races, they were very anxious to get and very willing to keep. Indeed, men who are on

stated allowances, as many of them were, are compelled to exercise a systematic forecast in the matter of expenses, which a man who can stretch his income by a little extra labour will scarcely take. As to the gracefully reckless kindness, the shop-boy is quite wrong in his notions upon this point. So far as I could see, they did not feel more kindly to one another than the brokers who scream each other hoarse in the New York Stock Exchange. Indeed, I believe that, as a rule, they are the most ready to help others who have most ably helped themselves.

Another of the misconceptions of the middle classes which the novelists have flattered is that their superiors are so accustomed to superiority that they have forgotten all about it. They think nothing of their distinction, it is said. On the contrary, they are always thinking about it and always talking about it. They roll it under their tongues like a sweet morsel. A friend of mine wrote to a certain very great and exalted person, asking whether we should or should not dress for a political dinner at Richmond. He answered pithily : "The snobs dress ; the gentlemen don't."

I may here say that the most elegant men in dress and behaviour are not those in whom pride of lineage is strongest. Your man of stern family pride rather despises any such distinction as fine clothes and fine manners can give him. When you see an individual with his hat knocked over his eyes or his collar awry, you may know that he secretly hugs an escutcheon to his bosom with a fervour and energy of which no dandy is capable.

Thackeray's charge against the English, that they are virtue-proud, is certainly true. They think themselves the best people in the world, and after one notable exception has been made, I am inclined to agree with them. Of unkindness to foreigners upon their own shores they are unjustly accused. They are, however, defiant in their behaviour to strangers, and at this point they have been educated in another misconception. They cherish the impression that their reserve is in some way a scrutiny of the character of the individual who is a candidate for the honour of their acquaintance. But this is a mistake. They

hold back till they are sure, not that he is virtuous, but that it will help them to know him. The young Englishman chooses his friends just as the young American or the young Frenchman does.

It is the way of the world to regard success and fortune as another sort of character, and here again the English are no exception to the rule. Gentle manners to the poor and dependent, and a conciliatory bearing towards acquaintance, are praised, if the man who possesses them is a person of consequence. The English say, "He knows who he is;" "Nothing can be better than he." In such a man rank seems to pass for a kind of virtue. But a seemly behaviour is not difficult to people who have no opposition. You do see men, however, in England, in whom good manners are only another sort of heroism. Life is not to them a pleasant saunter among tolerant equals and obsequious inferiors. I have known men with strong, fierce hearts and the consciousness of power and ability, who, unrecognised and in irksome and difficult positions, are yet able to conduct themselves with propriety and dignity. There are

rages which come, we know not whence, and moods in which it is difficult to remember principles, yet these men learn to control them. They behave with a self-respect which does not verge upon truculence, and with a complaisance which does not approach servility.

The present tone of the fashionable novel is not that of the aristocratic romance of the early part of the century. It is not even the tone of Coningsby or Maltravers. To the story-writers of "Cornhill" and "Fraser" the nobleman is no longer picturesque, or superior, or haughty, or aquiline. The purpose of these later writers is to present him as a good deal more like most people than anybody else. The young Bohemians laugh flippantly at the "fat old duchess;" the glib governesses pour much scorn and contempt on "Lady Booby's old, rattling, broken-down barouche." The countess is deaf and has an ear-trumpet; the marchioness is an honest old termagant, with a voice and temper like a fishwoman's. But this method of treatment insinuates a familiarity, very delightful to the average British reader. It is only another

sort of admiration. The change, however, seems to be in the direction of truth, and the English will in time, no doubt, get back to a healthy and common-sense treatment of this subject.

Presumption.

THE East is ignorant of the West, the West is unduly sensitive to the unconsciousness of the East. It is so in this country. St. Louis compares itself with New York, and Kansas City with St. Louis. This succession extends all the way from London to the Sandwich Islands. Before Mr. Bret Harte had won his present fame, I remember to have met a lady from the Pacific who told me that he was the Irving of California. Now, Irving used to be called the Goldsmith of America, and, I suppose, we shall shortly have a Bret Harte of the Sandwich Islands. The indistinct, hazy way in which an eastern community thinks of one to the west of it, is extremely tantalising to the latter. That such a way of thinking of Canada is common in this

country may explain in part the hostility of the British Provinces towards ourselves. Until recently most of us thought of the Canadians as a sort of modified Esquimaux. In the same way the English are ignorant and incurious about ourselves. We, on the contrary, are all curiosity and interest in the English. An American has no sooner stepped into the streets of Liverpool, felt the exulting certainty that he is really in the old world, read the signs of the butchers, brewers, and bakers to the Queen, and wondered at the voracity of the great personages of the kingdom, before he begins to ask himself in what way these people differ from, and in what way they resemble his countrymen. This is a matter upon which the English are not at all exercised. That comfortable people, sitting contentedly on their firm anchored isle, are under no pressing necessity of comparing themselves with anybody. The English, certainly, have this advantage, if it be an advantage. The longitude of character and custom is reckoned from Greenwich.

The English very justly charge that Americans

are self-assertive. The American at home is not an especially self-assertive person, or has, at any rate, ceased to be so. But when in Europe our people have nothing to do, and are away from their friends ; the people they meet, on the contrary, are in the midst of their native society, and of their life-long employments. It is natural that some defiant or not altogether decorous advances should be made by strangers, who have any quantity of time on their hands. In England, especially, there is some temptation to this, from the manner of many of the people. Some would say, I know, that this is a topic upon which it were best to keep silent. To expostulate with presumption is not the proper way to meet it. Presumption never means to be reasonable, but only to be successful. When you expostulate with an arrogant man you acknowledge the success of his arrogance, which is all he asks. A friend of mine, an Englishman, objected to Mr. Lowell's paper, "On a certain Condescension in Foreigners," that you should never "let them know you see it." Now that is well as a rule for behaviour, but when one is writing, one is sup-

posed to tell the truth. If, as a consequence, the complacency of a man two or three thousand miles away may be increased thereby, why really that is no matter of the author's. How foolish it would have been for Mr. Lowell to have assumed an attitude with which to pique and tantalise an entire empire.

The mere fact that an Englishman is so much nearer the centre of the world makes him seem to himself a better man than an American. This is especially manifest in third-rate men, your "gods of war, lieutenants-colonel to the Earl of Mar." They in some way imagine that their geographical advantage is a personal one. I once sat at dinner near a gentleman of this rank, who had been in correspondence with a very distinguished soldier of the War of the Rebellion. Somebody observed that the General was a good letter-writer. "Oh yes," said the Colonel languidly, "I kept the letters." Here was a little Crimean Colonel, who was actually condescending to preserve the letters of one of the most illustrious living members of his own profession, than whom he plainly thought himself a greater

man. I was at a loss to explain it. I believe, though, that the fact that the General lived so far away, and had no famous London or Paris with which to identify himself, was the unconscious cause of this feeling.

English Court Festivities.

AMÉRICANS have an impression that the English think it a considerable distinction to be presented at Court. But the ceremony of presentation has entirely ceased to have any social significance in England. Any young gentleman who imagines that the door of English Society will be thrown open to him on the publication of his appearance at a drawing-room had better save the expense of a dress and carriage and stay at home. If a lady be ambitious of a social success, the money which a robe will cost might be expended to equal advantage anywhere else in London. However, a lady's dress may be worn again, and men may hire a court-suit for the day at a very small cost. Your tailor, if you get a good deal of him, will patch you

up something tolerable for very little ; so that sartorial expenses are comparatively light. One can get for the afternoon a two-horse brougham, with a coachman and footman, for a sum less than ten dollars. Still, going to Court costs something, and its only possible advantage is that the spectacle is a fine and an interesting one. One has therefore to consider whether the sight is worth the fee.

A presentation at Court is of quite as little advantage to an Englishman as to a foreigner coming to England. Almost anybody can be presented, and of those who are precluded from presentation, a great many occupy higher positions than many of those who have the privilege of going to Court. Any graduate of a university, any clergyman, any officer in the army, is entitled to go. A merchant, an attorney, even a barrister, cannot ; and yet in England a barrister, or for that matter, a successful merchant, is apt to be a person of more consequence than a curate or a poor soldier. The Court has scarcely any social significance in England. I once asked a young barrister if presentation would help him in the least in making his way in society. He said, " Not a bit."

In England the position of everybody is so well fixed that people cannot well change it by wishing it to be changed. Thus, for a poor East London curate to go to Court would simply make him ridiculous. The parsons in the West-End do present themselves, but there is no part of the British empire where clergymen are of such slight consequence as in the West-End of London. The clergymen, as they file in along with the gaily-accountred young guardsmen, have a meek and gentle air which makes one feel that they had better have stayed away. No person who is not already in such a position as to need no pushing could becomingly make his appearance at Court. I remember in Shropshire to have heard a family who went down to London to be presented made the target for the ridicule of the whole neighbourhood.

Invitations to the Court festivities are given only to those persons presented in the diplomatic circle. It must be understood that there is at every court in Europe a select and elegant and exclusive entrance, by which the diplomatists come in. Along with them enter also the ministers of state

and the household officers of the Crown. The general circle, as it is called, includes everybody else. Another entrance and staircase are provided for it, and in that way all of British society, from a duke to a half-pay captain, gains admittance to the sovereign. When one is in the inside of Buckingham or St. James's Palace the same distinction exists. The room in which the members of the royal family receive the public is occupied during the entire ceremony by the diplomatic circle. Other persons, after bowing to the Queen, pass into an ante-chamber.

Though I say it is of but small social advantage to an Englishman to be presented, yet undoubtedly the greatest people in the empire attend Court, and are to be seen at the ceremonials and festivities at Buckingham and St. James's Palaces. At present the Queen holds drawing-rooms and levees at Buckingham Palace, and the Prince of Wales at St. James's Palace. The latter are attended only by gentlemen, and, though not so grand as the Queen's, are pleasanter. Trousers are allowed, instead of the knee-breeches and stockings which must be worn at all Court ceremonials where there

are ladies. At two o'clock—for the Prince is very punctual—the doors of the reception-rooms are thrown open, and the diplomatists begin to file in. First come the ambassadors. It must be remembered that there is a wide difference between an ambassador and an envoy or minister plenipotentiary. The original difference was that the ambassador was supposed, by a sort of transubstantiation, to represent the person of his sovereign. He had a right at any time to demand an audience with the king. An envoy must see the foreign secretary. This, of course, has ceased to have any practical significance in countries which have constitutions; and no doubt a minister can at any time demand an interview of the sovereign. It is still true, however, that an ambassador is accredited to the king, while an envoy is accredited to the foreign secretary. Practically, the difference is that an ambassador represents a bigger country, has better pay, lives in a finer house, and gives more parties and grander dinners. An ambassador has precedence of everybody in the country in which he resides, except the royal family. There are five countries which send ambassadors

to England—Russia, France, Germany, Austria, and Turkey. These ambassadors enter the reception-room at the Prince's levee in the order of seniority of residence.

Behind each ambassador come the secretaries of the embassy. After the ambassadors come the ministers. The whole diplomatic corps moves from an ante-room into an apartment in which the Prince of Wales awaits them. The Prince and several of his brothers and cousins stand up in a row. Next to the Prince, on his right, stands Viscount Sidney, the lord chamberlain, who calls off each detachment as it approaches—"the Austrian ambassador," "the Spanish minister," "the United States minister," &c. The Prince shakes hands with the head of the embassy or mission, and bows to the secretaries. When the diplomatists, cabinet ministers, and household officers have all made their bow, it is the turn of British society. The diplomatic circle, and such as have the *entrée* to it, remain in the room: the Englishmen pass out. The Lord Chamberlain in a loud voice calls off the name of each person as he appears, so that each comer is, as it were, labelled and ticketed.

One may often guess the rank or importance of the courtier by the manner of his reception. If he shakes hands with the Prince, you may know he is somebody—if he shakes hands with all five or six of the princes, you may know he is a very great person. But if he gives the princes a wide berth, bows hastily and glances furtively at them, and runs by skittishly, then you may know that he is some half-pay colonel or insignificant civil servant. Something, too, may be inferred from the length of time the Lord Chamberlain takes to decipher the name of the comer on the slip of paper which is handed him. If he scans it long and hard, and holds it a good way from him, and says, "Major Te—e—e—bosh—bow," then in a loud voice, "Major Tebow," you will be safe in thinking that Major Tebow is not one of the greatest of warriors or largest of landed proprietors.

The ceremony lasts an hour and a half or two hours, and during the whole of it the talk and hand-shaking among the diplomatists go on very pleasantly. There is a great deal of *esprit de corps* among them, and perfect equality. Attachés, secretaries, and ministers walk about through the

room and exchange greetings. The ambassadors are rather statelier: these do not mix themselves with the crowd of diplomatists, but stand up apart, all five in a row, leaning against the wall.

At all other Court entertainments ladies are present. Of course there are a great many very pretty ones, and their toilets are brilliant. The Queen's levees are very much longer than those of the Prince of Wales. Then, at all ceremonials where there are ladies, men are compelled to wear, as I have said, silk stockings and knee-breeches, shoes, and buckles. One can support this costume in tolerable comfort in a warm room, but in getting from the carriage to the door it is often like walking knee-deep in a tub of cold water. A cold hall or a draught from an open door will give very unpleasant sensations. In many of the large rooms of the palaces huge fireplaces, with great logs of wood, roar behind tall brass fenders. Once in front of one of these, the courtier who isn't a Scotchman feels as if he would never care to go away. Fortunately, most of these ceremonials are in summer, but the first of them come in February, and London is often cool well up into June.

The ceremony of a presentation to the Queen is quite the same as that at a Prince of Wales's levee. The class of royal ladies stand up in a rigid row. On the Queen's right is the Lord Chamberlain, who reads off the names. Next to the Queen, on her left, is the Princess of Wales, then the Queen's daughters and the Princess Mary of Cambridge. Next to them stand the princes, and the whole is a phalanx which stretches entirely across the room. Behind this line, drawn up in battle array, stand three or four ranks of Court ladies.

The act of presentation is very easy and simple. Formerly—indeed, until within a few years—it must have been a very perilous and important feat. The courtier (the term is used inaccurately, there being no noun to describe a person who goes to Court for a single time) was compelled to walk up a long room, and to back, bowing, out of the Queen's presence. For ladies who had trains to manage the ordeal must have been a trying one. Now it has been made quite easy. There is but one point in which a presentation to the Queen differs from that already

described at the Prince of Wales's levee. You may turn your back to the Prince, but after bowing to the Queen you step off into the crowd, still facing her. There (if you have had the good luck to be presented in the diplomatic circle) you may stand and watch a most interesting pageant. To the young princes, perhaps, it is not very amusing; but there is plenty in it to occupy and interest the man who sees it for the first or second time. You do not have to ask "Who is this?" and "Who is that?" The Lord Chamberlain announces each person as he or she appears. You hear the most heroic and romantic names in English history as some boy or old woman appears to represent them. One sees a number of beautiful persons. The young slips of girls who come to be presented for the first time, frightened and pale or flushed, one admires and feels a sense of loyalty to.

The name of each person is called out loudly by the Lord Chamberlain. The ladies bow very low, and those to whom the Queen gives her hand to kiss nearly or quite touch their knee to the carpet. No act of homage to the Queen

ever seems exaggerated, her behaviour being so modest and the sympathy with her so wide and sincere; but ladies very nearly kneel in shaking hands with any member of the royal family, not only at Court, but elsewhere. It is not so strange-looking, the kneeling to a royal lady, but to see a stately mother or some soft maiden rendering such an act of homage to a young gentleman impresses one unpleasantly. The courtesy of a lady to a prince or princess is something between kneeling and that queer genuflection one meets in the English agricultural districts: the props of the boys and girls seem momentarily to be knocked away, and they suddenly catch themselves in descending. It astonished me, I remember, at a party, to see one patrician young woman shake hands with a not very imposing young prince, and bend her regal knees into this curious and sudden little cramp. I saw her, this adventurous maid, some days afterward in a hansom cab, directing with her imperious parasol the cabby to this and that shop.

This odd jumble of the new and the old struck me again and again wherever I turned.

The mysterious scarlet coaches rolled along Piccadilly side by side with the smart waggons of the Cheshire Cheese and Butter Company. To the traveller who idles away a balmy morning in Green Park, can he resist for a moment the blue hues of the Abbey towers, and the warm shining greensward, this impression is often present. The goblins wont to disport themselves in the mediæval moonshine have been suddenly overtaken by a flood of commonplace daylight. There is the veritable St. James's Palace. But no Charles drives forth from its open portal as in the gay pictures on the curtains of the theatres. The word *belated* expresses the general impression which the monarchical and aristocratic fabric of English society makes upon the observer. It is like the banquet-hall the morning after the banquet; the goblets are overturned, the dishes half-emptied, and the strong sunlight pours in upon the silent chamber, long deserted by the revellers.

The levees and the drawing-rooms may be called the Court ceremonials. There are, besides, the Court festivities, or the balls and concerts at Buckingham Palace. There are four or five of

these given in a season—two balls and two concerts. The balls are the larger and less select, but much the more amusing. The ball-room of the palace is a large rectangular apartment. At one end is the orchestra—at the other a raised dais on which the “royalties” sit. On each side, running the length of the hall, are three tiers of benches, which are for ladies and such gentlemen as can get a seat. The tiers on the left of the dais are for diplomatists. English society has the tiers upon the other side. By ten the ball-room is usually filled with people waiting for the appearance of the royalties. The band strikes up, and the line of princes and princesses advances down the long hall leading to the ball-room. The Queen and Prince Albert used formerly to preside at these balls. The Queen does not come now: the Prince and Princess of Wales take her place.

First enters a line of gentlemen bearing long sticks. Behind them come the princesses, bowing on each hand. The Princess of Wales advances first, with a naïve, faltering, hesitating step, a strange and quite delicious blending of timidity

and child-like confidence in her manner. Then come, walking by twos, some daughters of the Queen. A German duchess or two follow her. The courtesies of these German princesses are indeed quite wonderful. After entering the hall one of them will espy (such, I suppose, is the fiction) some persons to whom she wishes to bow, and she then proceeds to execute a performance of some minutes' duration. Before courtesying, she stops and looks at the persons to be saluted as a frightened horse examines intently the object which alarms him: she then sinks slowly backwards almost to the ground, and recovers herself with the same slowness. It would seem that such a genuflection must be, of necessity, ridiculous. But it is not so in the least: it is quite successful, and rather pleasing. After the ladies come the Prince of Wales and his suite. The royalties then all go upon the stage, and after music the ball begins.

There are two sets of dancers. The princes and princesses open the ball with the diplomatists and some of the highest nobility on the space just in front of the dais. The rest of the hall

is occupied by the other dancers, who later in the evening find their way into the diplomatic set. The dancing in the quadrilles and Lancers is of a rather stately and ceremonious sort. In waltz or galop the English mostly dance the same step, the *deux temps*, and the aim of the dancing couple is to go as much like a spinning-top as possible. They make occasional efforts to introduce puzzling novelties like the *trois temps*, the Boston dip, etc., but, I am glad to say, without any success. The result is, that once having learned to dance in England, you are safe.

The great hall during the waltz is a brilliant spectacle. There are many beautiful women, the toilets are dazzling, and all the men are "flaming in purple and gold." There is every variety of magnificent dress. Officers of a Russian body-guard are gold from head to foot. Hungarians wear purple and fur-trimmed robes of dark crimson of the utmost splendour. The young men of the Guards' Club in gold and scarlet coats, and in spurred boots which reach above their knees, clank through the halls. Scotch lords sit about, and exhibit legs of which they

are justly proud. Here, with swinging gait, wanders the Queen's piper, a sort of poet-laureate of the bagpipes, arrayed in plaid, and carrying upon his arm the soft, enchanting instrument to the music of which, no doubt, the Queen herself dances. The music of the orchestra is perfect, and he must be a dull man who does not feel the festivity, the buoyancy, and the elation of the scene.

The dress which our diplomatic representatives are now compelled to wear at the Court ceremonies and festivities needs a word of mention. Our people in America are somewhat conceited, somewhat prone to be confident, upon questions of which they know very little. Congress, at a distance of some thousands of miles from courts, thought itself competent to decide what sort of Court dress an American diplomatist should wear. An able, though crotchety man, brought forward a measure, and, once proposed, it was certain to go through, because to oppose its passage would have been to be aristocratic and un-American. Mr. Sumner's bill required Americans to go in the "ordinary dress of an American citizen." There was no

attempt to indicate what that should be. Up to that time our diplomatists had worn the uniform used by the non-military diplomatists of other countries. This consists of a blue-coat with more or less gold upon it, white breeches, silk stockings, sword, and chapeau.

An attempt or two had been made before by the State Department to interfere with the trappings of its servants abroad. Marcy issued a circular requesting American diplomatists to go to Court without uniform. This afforded James Buchanan an opportunity of making one of the best speeches attributed to him. The circular of Mr. Marcy threw consternation into the breasts of certain ancient functionaries of the European courts, for shortly after its appearance the Lord High Chamberlain in waiting, or some other member of the Queen's household, called upon Mr. Buchanan, who was then the United States minister in London, and said that a certain very distinguished person had heard of the recent wish which the American government had expressed with regard to the costume of its agents, and that while she would be happy to see Mr. Buchanan in

any dress in which he might choose to present himself, she yet hoped he would so far consult her wishes as to consent to carry a sword. "Tell that very distinguished personage," said Mr. Buchanan, "that not only will I wear a sword, as she requests, but, should occasion require it, will hold myself ready to draw it in her defence." This strikes me as in just that tone of respectful exaggeration and playful acquiescence which a gentleman in this country may very becomingly take toward the whole question. Neither Mr. Buchanan nor anyone else, I believe, heeded the request of the Department, and Mr. Marcy himself, it is said, subsequently repudiated it.

But what was only a request of the State Department in Mr. Marcy's time is now a law. I had good opportunities to know how very uncomfortable the poor American diplomatist is made by this piece of legislation. Its object was, of course, to give him a very unpretending and subdued appearance. The result is, that with the exception of Bengalese nabobs, the son of the Mikado of Japan, and the Khan of Khiva, the American legations are the most noticeable people

at any Court ceremony or festivity in Europe. When everybody else is flaming in purple and gold the ordinary diplomatic uniform is exceedingly simple and modest ; but the Yankee diplomats are the most scrutinised and conspicuous persons to be seen.

The dress in which our diplomats attend Court at present is a plain dress-coat and vest, with knee-breeches, black silk stockings, shoes, &c. It is difficult to see in what sense this is the "ordinary dress of an American citizen." The dress is not so ugly as it would seem to be ; indeed, with the help of a white vest and liberal watch-chain, it might be made quite becoming were it not so excessively conspicuous. An English cabinet minister at a party given in his own house usually wears it, and all persons invited to the Empress Eugénie's private parties came got up in that manner. But in London it was not till recently that American diplomatists were allowed to go to Court even thus attired. Everywhere else in Europe the United States legations were admitted in evening dress, the concession of knee-breeches not having been required. But at

Buckingham Palace no Americans were admitted without the proper garments. The consequence was, that our legation was compelled to stay at home. This state of things continued until Reverdy Johnson came out, who arranged what was called "the Breeches Protocol." Owing to the unreasonable state of the public mind during his term of office, this was the only measure which that good and able man succeeded in accomplishing. The compromise which Mr. Johnson's good-humour and the friendly impulse of the British public toward us at that time wrung from the chamberlains and gold-sticks of St. James's (for you may say what you will, public opinion is irresistible), was to allow the minister and the two secretaries of legation to appear in the breeches above described. Americans who are presented at Court, and who get invitations to the festivities, are all required to wear a Court dress. Of what good compelling the poor diplomatists to make scarecrows of themselves may be I do not know. Mr. Sumner's proposition was just one of those absurdities to which men are liable who have considerable conscience and no sense of humour.

the home of their tradition, she will be happy in that her soil will not be capable of dilution. There are leagues upon leagues in America and Australia, but it may be said with pride and affection that there are only a few meadows and a stream or two in England. I suggest this point for the consideration of any American who is to speak at a London public dinner. Let the orator assure his hearers that the race in India, in Africa, in Australia, in America—wherever the Anglo-Saxon pursues his heaven-given prerogative to subdue nature and society—will constitute a mighty moral empire, of which this little island will be the sacred and inviolable home, and he will be certain to sit down amid applause.

Childhood and English Tradition.

A POINT I have not seen made much of is the hold which English tradition and fable and fiction get upon the mind of infancy in this country. When young eyes first open with fresh wonder upon the world, the scenes of English life come in upon us from a hundred sources. Perhaps these impressions are not so strong now as in the days before the war. I see that the school readers now have pictures of the Pacific Railroad with the buffalo scampering from the coming engine. But in my day the pictures in the reading-books were all English; the pictures were English, even if the books were of American composition. The lessons were mainly English, and had to do with English

things. It was before the paling of an English cottage that we saw the bent old man, whose age we were told to revere and pity. It was from an English casement that the little girl let the captive robin out of the cage. I was ten before I knew that the lark was not an American bird, and, on being told that I should have a day in the country, remember promising myself that I should hear the bird about which so much was said in McGuffey's "Second Reader." The good boy in that little volume was always rewarded with a tart. Now, I doubt if anybody living in Maryland, Virginia, or thereabouts, had ever eaten a tart, or had seen one to know it by that name. I am sure I never had. But, for that matter, neither had a poet of the last century ever seen an Amaryllis or a Chloë, or heard a shepherd piping in the shade. I must have known that "tart" meant "sour," yet so perverse is the imagination that I conceived it to be a sort of transfigured sugar-plum.

The costume worn by the little boy in the educational work just referred to was quite unique. I fancy it must have been the English fashion

of dressing boys of twenty years earlier. The cap was peculiar, though about the year '56 we had something like it called the "Pancake." The collar was a broad band of linen worn outside the jacket. But the portion of his apparel with which I was most profoundly impressed was a pair of incipient swallow tails. The possession of these did not seem to make him any happier, he had become so used to them. They invariably attended him in the orchards, the meadows, the gardens, and wherever his sunlit young existence wandered. Envy of many a childish day-dream, and quite as wise, I think, as some of the more recent ones, how often I pondered them while the cherry-trees stood alone in the silent playground, or the echoes of the feet of a solitary passer-by came with a sound of strange and audacious freedom from the pavement of the street below! The little fellow had them on when he and his sister wandered too near the bee-hive. When he looked toward the rising sun, with one hand pointing to the south and the other to the North, it was these little coat-tails he turned to the West.

The household pictures in "McGuffey" all were English, and the groups were certainly presented in an amiable light. How good and virtuous were the families who trimmed the evening lamp in the pages of McGuffey's "Second Reader;" the father, how firm and prudent; the mother, how wise, how tender, how solicitous. (Indeed, the grown people in children's books are always paragons. The readers of the "Rollo Books" will remember that Rollo's father and mother appeared to have been born parents; think of Rollo's father and mother ever being divorced!) There was a picture in "McGuffey" of the little boy I have described walking out at sunrise with his mother to hear the sky-lark. She has told him of dawn and the song of the lark. He has been but seven short years in the world and can remember but four of them; seven years, which in the life of a grown man pass as a week or a month passes. He has never seen the sun rise, but from report and picture he is as familiar with it as if he had witnessed it in Eden. His mother is holding him by the hand, and they are passing a high wall. It is the moist, whisper-

ing dawn of a summer's day. Up in one corner of the picture is a little spot which is, of course, the lark, and it is pouring a flood of melody over the scene. The reader may know what that picture must have been to boys whose meadows were the morning-glories which skirted the brick pavement of the kitchen-yard while they waited for their breakfasts, whose butterfly was the winged and dusty grasshopper, which tells of August and the close of the city summer!

The sunrise is not often seen by children, except when they are waked early for some picnic or festival. So it is a good theme for the young imagination. The English sunrise has, besides the lark and the milkmaid, all the charming accompaniments of the chase. Whatever confusion there may have been about larks and cuckoos, we all knew that only in the English valleys was heard the horn of the huntsman. There is in the window of a saddler's shop in St. James's Street, near Pall Mall, a coloured engraving of a landscape at sunrise. In the foreground is to be seen a mounted huntsman amid a pack of hounds. The picture was familiar, for

years before I had often come upon it, thrust away in a corner, soiled and torn, in an old garret, where I went in search of lost treasures among handirons and broken hobby-horses. The huntsman's honest plebeian face tells of service for the happy, sleeping people whom his horn will soon summon to the chase. The dawn wakens softly over meadows that have not yet begun to shine. He blows his trumpet, and his jolly cheeks are puffed as he startles the dim dwellings and the drowsy landscape with its saucy echoes.

Now such impressions and recollections as these, existing as they do in many thousands of minds, are of very great importance. They are of real political significance. How ready is an American to greet in England any realisation of these dreams of his childhood! With what pleased recognition does he exclaim, "Oh, this is you!" and "I have heard of you before." I once went upon a visit to a friend of mine, who was an officer in a yeomanry regiment at that time mustering in a town in one of the western shires of England. The colonel, to whom I was

introduced, had been a younger son, had gone into the army and been to India. But he had come into his property, and was now a country squire with a large family and handsome fortune. I at once recognised the kind of man. They said he had eleven daughters. (What a fine old English sound that has!) During the mess dinner the regimental band played from a hall adjoining. The colonel, who had put me next him, said, "I wanted to see if the band could play 'Yankee Doodle,' but I find they don't know it." "How good of you!" I exclaimed, deprecating the mention of such a distinction. "Yes, yes," he answered, with the determined manner of one who, though now an old rustic, perhaps, had yet, in his youth, seen something of the world, and knew how things should be done, "I believe in every honour for the diplomatists." As I sat there listening to his honest talk, my mood grew strangely friendly. "Should war's dread blast against them blow," I felt that I wished to be ranged on the side of the kind colonel and his eleven daughters.

The Dancing-School in Tavistock Square.

IN London, in order to "get on," one must be great or famous, or one must dance. Unless a man is a very decided catch and an object to the "mammias," or is enough of a lion to make him fit for exhibition, dancing is about his only utility. The average London man of society thinks dancing a very slow amusement. He is either athletic and prefers hunting and yachting, or he is dissolute, and simple pleasures pall upon his jaded appetite. As a rule, too, the important young men do not dance. The greater a man is, the more is he careful to abstain from anything which will make him entertaining. His dulness is always in proportion to his distinction. The same holds true with regard to conversation or to any other

sort of contribution to the amusement of others. He only is agreeable and clever from whom fortune has withheld better gifts than talent or the power of pleasing. He only would be witty who is without solid advantages. A "talking man" is in danger of being snubbed, and nobody can help pitying the ridiculous fellows who sing at the afternoon "musicals."

To be sure, all young people dance. How would "golden youth" be possible if there were no ball-rooms? But when men get toward five-and-twenty, those who can afford not to dance desert the balls for the concert-saloons. Young noblemen and eldest sons will spend a few moments at the parties, and as a great favour to the hostess, will walk through a quadrille with the prettiest girl in the room. But how can one who has at hand the *cancan* and the casinos find amusement in anything so puerile as the waltz? Who cares to talk to humdrum cousins when one may drink bad champagne with painted women in a gilt café near the Haymarket? It is only cadets, clerks in the Treasury, youths with no particular expectations, who dance. Among diplomatists, attachés waltz :

a councillor or secretary may under protest. I knew one excessively light-headed envoy who would dance now and then, but who always took care to dance badly.

The talk of the young men concerning balls and parties is, however, to be taken with some caution. They are "bores," and this tone the poorer young men catch from the more fortunate swells. A clerk in one of the offices, when I asked him his destination, said, "To this —— ball." Of course, the young man would have been very sorry not to have got a card, but he shuffled off to "this —— ball" with the air of a martyr. Dancing young men, however, are scarce enough to make ladies who give parties anxious to get them ; and if one is going to a ball, though it may be more dignified to walk about *solus* and stare, it is certainly pleasanter to dance.

Accordingly, when a diplomatic appointment made me a resident of London, I determined to learn to dance. Cato learned Greek when he was eighty, and I was twenty-five before I could do the *deux temps*. I was reared in a pious household, in which dancing was thought to be wicked. After

leaving college I acquired a notion of my own dignity quite inconsistent with so frivolous a pastime. (I give my experience in this matter at some length, because I know it will represent that of a great many others.) But, of course, I outgrew this dignity in time, and came to look upon that notion as only another and rather small sort of coxcombry. Between your frivolous and your philosophic coxcomb I much prefer the former, as the more amiable of the two. What possible relation had the conduct of my legs to the universe and the moral law? My fear of dancing was a symptom of that timidity and strength-destroying self-consciousness which possesses so many people of the present day. They are enamoured of superiority, and they associate certain external images with the fashionable types of greatness they admire. A little energetic thinking would easily rid the victim of such reverie. What this philosophic coxcomb really fears is not the essential unworthiness of the pastime, but the impression of himself he reflects in the minds of lookers-on.

Omne ignotum pro mirifico, says the proverb. I should have been taught to dance in order to learn

that dancing is no very wonderful thing. A man who could put his arm round the waist of a pretty woman, and calmly trust himself with the guidance of his floating argosy of lace and tarlatan about a ball-room, was formerly to me like a being from another sphere. I could not understand how that man felt. His *ego* was an exalted mystery. A few steps at Brooke's academy would have taught me that this man was but mortal, and might have cured me of my depressing sense of inferiority.

I once did attend the dancing-school of a little village in Western New York. This village was the seat of a very radical water-cure, in the chapel of which there was a service on Sundays and a dance on Tuesday evenings. The ladies were all in Bloomer costume, and as the institution was radical socially as well as in religion and politics, the cooks, laundresses, and chambermaids were always asked to the balls. These were, in fact, the only healthy people present. Your vis-à-vis was usually a lady with an affection of the neck or a gentleman with a wet towel round his forehead. One gentleman, I remember, with a towel about his head and a neck awry, had a chair set for him

which he occupied while the side couples were dancing : when the time came he sprang up with great alacrity, gallantly and playfully flung out his right foot, and walked through the step in the most punctilious manner.

One's imagination was not fascinated by the felicity of whirling round the room one of these invalids in short clothes and trousers. Still, I did go to the village dancing-school with the intention of learning to waltz. But I found it was only the little girls who were pupils : their sisters merely came to look on and chat. I did not care to enact the directions of the master before all the smiling young society of Bunbury. The only pupil of riper age I ever saw at the school was Miss Carker, the lady doctress from the water-cure. She was dressed at the time almost like a man, and her hair was parted on the side. She presented herself as a scholar, and the professor, who had never seen her before, was sorely puzzled where to put her. He did not like to ask her. There was a long continuous row of children standing at the time, the upper half of which were girls and the lower half boys. The professor

wittily extricated himself by placing her just in the middle and letting her decide for herself.

In London I found it quite necessary that I should put myself under the care of some instructor, and I was commended to the academy of Mrs. Watson, in Tavistock Square. Tavistock Square, the reader will remember, is situate in the dim regions of Bloomsbury, once an aristocratic quarter, but now quite given up to lodging-houses and the private dwellings of attorneys and merchants. Here lives on the second floor an economical widow, who supports a son at the university ; a Spanish conspirator, Communist, or exile of the Thiers government occupies the third ; an American Senator, even, who is verdant or unambitious, may find his way with his family into the first. Upon the whole, it is a gloomy neighbourhood. All Bloomsbury has much the same look—the most unlovely part of London, or indeed of England. For my part, I believe I prefer Seven Dials.

Mrs. Watson was a very large woman. She was, however, a very good and agreeable person, and an excellent teacher. There were besides

several nieces, rather pretty girls, who assisted her in the education of the young men. It seemed to me an odd sort of profession for a young lady. Twelve hours out of the day and twelve months out of the year they were saying, "Take my right hand with your left, and put your right arm ——" This latter instruction the preceptress did not finish in words, but the pupil seemed to comprehend his duty by intuition. "That is very well," said the lady.

These young ladies were very nice, and of course perfectly respectable, but they did not appear to me to be envied. Society is not kind to a poor girl in England. That her position here is different is due not to any superior charity or chivalry of ours, but to our luckier circumstances. Society in Europe assumes toward her that tone of scarcely concealed contempt which the strong and successful must inevitably hold towards the weak. The talk of the young men concerning her is, I think, not so respectful as in this country. Of course, where such a sentiment exists, the dignity of the objects of it must be somewhat impaired. It is only the exceptional people who

can resolutely hold their own sense of themselves against the mood of society.

These ladies, I say, assisted Mrs. Watson. She herself usually undertook the initiation of the patient. Mrs. Watson was not only large, but strong, resolute, and conscientious. Moreover, she was not a person to put up with any indolence or false shame on the part of a pupil. I had for years been enamoured of passivity. "I do not like to be moved," says Clough. That poet and much-amusing philosopher liked to feel himself at the centre of innumerable radii of possibilities, rather than as moving in any one line by which he was plainly and irrevocably committed. But Mrs. Watson was not a person to encourage any indecision of this kind. After a preliminary word or two she took me firmly by each hand and began jumping me back and forth, saying, "One, two, three, four," &c. Be it remembered that I was the only performer in the room, and that all the lady assistants and a pupil or two, who were waiting their turns, were looking on. Mrs. Watson, becoming satisfied with my proficiency in the piston movement, wished to see what I could do in a

rotary way. She began by sending me round the room by myself, spinning like a top. When I gave signs of running down, she struck me again on the arm and sent me round faster. Really, for a person with some pretensions of sobriety, this was pretty thorough treatment. I was sure the young assistants must be screaming with laughter, and I was not sorry when I passed into the hands of these milder and less muscular preceptresses.

I was very proud when I had learned the *deux temps*. I really thought myself a very accomplished young man. But Mrs. Watson said that it was quite necessary, absolutely indispensable, that I should learn the *trois temps*. I had got on very well with the *deux temps*, but what labours I underwent in the acquisition of the *trois temps*, and what giggling of the lady assistants I braved, and what screams of stifled laughter from a very jolly cousin of Mrs. Watson, who was visiting from the country, and who came in to look at us, I will not here relate. I was absolutely made to stand on one foot and hop. It was incredibly painful, but I bore it all, as children take medicine, because I

thought it was good for me. The reader will fancy the bitterness of my feelings when I discovered that it was all in vain. The *trois temps* was not danced at all in London : the *deux temps* was universal.

There was no personage of the dancing-academy in Tavistock so interesting to me as its mistress, Mrs. Watson, whose gentle and dapper little husband played the violin. Mrs. Watson was rarely seen except on great and critical occasions. Her full habit of body and long service entitled her, she thought, to repose. But she would now and then walk with majesty and old-time elegance through a figure of a quadrille, taking hold of her petticoat with thumb and finger of each hand, and coquettishly fanning and flirting it. She did not often waltz or galop, but sometimes, in enforcing a lesson, she would commit herself to the undulations of the dance, and sail or swim about the room, *sola*. She was as a rule a very good, kind, and sensible woman, and she had, moreover, a few fine antique graces which she would bring out when circumstances seemed to call for them. Among these was a very superb method of leaving

the room which she gave us occasionally. If the conversation turned upon fine society (I believe she thought me rather a man of fashion), and if she had seen my name in the *Morning Post* that morning, she would treat me to one of these. "I bid you good morning," she would say; and lifting her petticoat with thumb and finger, she executed a retreat backward with some six steps, and, laying her hand upon the door-knob, vanished with a peculiar grace and dignity.

Of the school in Tavistock Square, besides the accomplishments which I there gained, and which I highly prize, I retain a little memento in the shape of Mrs. Watson's "Manual for Dancing," a tiny book which now lies on my table. It contains, besides descriptions of quadrilles, polkas, galops, &c., much excellent advice upon general behaviour which recalls the little institution quite vividly. Occasionally the little document becomes severe, almost sarcastic. "All skipping, hopping, and violent motion should be restrained." Again we are told that vis-à-vis must not meet each other "with proud looks and averted glances," but "with a smile" and "a pleasant recognition." "True

politeness is entirely compatible with a kind disposition. In our higher classes unreserved and agreeable manners prevail much more than in the middling ranks of society."

Contrasts of Scenery.

I HAVE never been so struck with the sublimity of great cities as in August eventides in the depths of dog-days. At such an hour, when in London, I used to go to Trafalgar Square. Instead of the usual paltry plots of grass, that square has a broad floor of stone, which immensely enhances its impressiveness.* Only a few weary feet broke the stillness of the place. The golden clouds of dust choked the vistas of the streets. Silently out of their grimy mouths the fountains glided. I heard all round the desolate roar of the city. The granite column seemed borne upward and to swim in the

* There is a profuse and profound wealth of fancy and expression in this line of one of the sonnets of Shakespere,—

“Than unswept stone besmeared with sluttish time.”

air, and Nelson from its summit looked far away to Egypt and the Nile.

Art is stronger than nature in the old countries. Nowhere in England do you ever get well out of London; the town inflames the island to its extremities. London is strong as disease is strong. Many a time, swinging about the streets in the "gondola of London," the hansom cab, I have wondered that so great a place should be so *low*—should have so little height. The inequalities on the surface of an orange, we are told, vastly exaggerate the hills and valleys of the globe. London is scarcely higher than if the surface of the earth upon which it lies had been scratched with a file. Yet so potent has it been to change the entire face of that part of the world which it dominates.

Nature has been chased out of England into the sea. In Europe man is scarcely conscious of the presence of nature. Here nature is scarcely conscious of the presence of man. Perhaps, indeed, on our Atlantic border, she is just waking to a sense that her rest is broken by the foot of the intruder. But in England nature has been quite subjugated.

The fence and the furrow are everywhere. You find yourself by a lonely tarn at the bottom of a sweet breathing ravine, and you say, "Surely here is something primeval;" but you have only to look up to where the sharp back of the mountain cuts the sky, to see a stone fence riding it with a giddy tenacity, and holding on for dear life. We miss the feelings with which newer and wilder scenes inspire us. English scenery is always pleasing, perhaps the most agreeable for any common condition of mind that can be found. Nowhere is there such a pretty country to have picnics in. What wind so careless as that which fans the cheeks of August tourists, whose table is spread half-way up some hill-side in Devon? In the morning, when the youth of the day supplements the age of nature, then we see the English landscape in its best. The air is sweet and the sod greener than elsewhere, and the foldings of the hills and hollows are lovely and surprising. But the beauty is for the eye; it fails to touch the heart. This seemed to be true even of the scenery in Wales. It was very impressive. The Welsh mountains were very old; the wind of the heather wandered gravely

from the sweet, sad fields of the most distant part; the verdure of the margin of that shining estuary that sets up to Dolgelly, through the greenest green, is enriched by the yellow of the buttercups.

Nevertheless there was an incompleteness that I could not suppose to be altogether in myself, for the ocean had its moods as sublime or bright as where its evening waves flow round the light-ship at Sandy Hook. The waters came to the cottage thresholds and to the gates of the gardens. Late one afternoon, as I sat looking over the blue, bright ocean, there came under my window a proud-stepping fellow with a plaid, and a feather in his bonnet, playing upon the bagpipes. A pure and stainless sunset was approaching. The sweet breeze from the heather ran about the streets at will. Far out over the quiet, flickering waters wandered the notes of the bagpipes, flew, and were wafted westward. The children danced about the piper, and their feet moved to the music and to the fast-changing moments of the sunset. But the landlord came out before the door bare-headed and rang the bell, and the bagpiper

ceased suddenly and went away with the children, and the sun dropped down behind the wave, and I, with that rude haste with which we extinguish delights we know to be too evanescent—went to dinner.

For the purposes of comfort the English climate is better than ours. I have heard this denied, but am sure that it is so. One has only to remember that the fashionable hour for horseback riding in London is from twelve to two in the summer months. Nobody can ride at that hour anywhere in this country. The equestrian here has a choice between sunrise, sunset, and moonlight; unless, as used to be common in the South, he rides with an umbrella. But for poetry and the observance of nature our climate is better. The English summer never commits itself. It is always lingering April or premature October. If you go out at night to walk in the moonlight or to sit by the sea-shore, you must take an overcoat. Here, about the last of June, we have a sweltering week or two, in which everybody unlearns the use of overcoats. We then understand that it is summer, and that it will stay summer. To be sure, if you

are in search of some poor churlish spot where you may forego nature and the miracle of summer for the sake of keeping cool, you may find it on the coast of Maine. But if deeper pastimes entice you, and more verdurous hill-sides; if you would sit in some rose-embowered porch, while yet the blue-eyed mist lingers in the farthest recesses of the mountain gorge, then it is to the Susquehanna or the Kanawha you must go. There, where the chestnut shade cools the edge of the hot, humming meadow, you may lie, your hands stained with the dark, deep clover. On indolent afternoons your scow will float through those silent scenes, you hearing only the dull lapping of the river at the thirsty keel.

I may here say that one great disadvantage for ny person desiring to look at an English landscape is the absence of good fences to sit upon; the ground is usually too damp to permit one to lie full length. I missed very much the rail fences of my own country. I would come to a pretty prospect, and my legs sinking under me, I would look about for a place to sit. The inhospitable landscape had not a single suggestion. There

were no stones, and a hedge was, of course, not to be thought of. How different the stake-and-rider fences of this land of ours! The top rail of a good fence is as fine a seat as one can wish. Of course, much depends upon the shape and position of the rail. Sometimes the upper rail is sharp and knotted. But one has only to walk on for a rod or two before a perfect seat can be found, and this point I have discovered to be the very best from which the scene may be viewed. It really appears as if the honest farmer had builded better than he knew. If there is one place from which to overlook a landscape to be preferred to another, I have always found that nature, so far from betraying him that loved her, had actually put there the properly shaped rail at his disposal.

The streams of England are unclean. Waters that the poets have made famous smell abominably. Consider the task the poets would have to immortalise all the running water of our Atlantic slope. Unsung, unnamed even, with pure noises they hasten to their river-beds. For many miles by the railway which traverses North Wales, the Dee

brawls along with a tumult of green waters. From the car window it looked enticing, and I thought I would stay over a day at Llangollen and walk along the banks. At Llangollen is "The Hand," over which presides a gentle and unique landlady, who carries a bunch of keys, and greets you with that curious cramp of the knees called a courtesy. (If you would see a courtesy, you must go to England very soon, for the Radicals will have put a stop to it in a year or two more.) There was hanging in the coffee-room a picture of Sir William Somebody, the great man of the neighbourhood. His left arm he rested upon the withers of a great black hunter, while his wife, buxom and beautiful, leaned upon the other. Some happy dogs were playing about his feet. There were two or three more engravings of the kind well known to frequenters of English inns. Upon a table in the middle of the room were the cold meats, the pies, the tarts, the custards, and the berries. In the corner, a lunch was spread for two collegians who were travelling with their tutor. All this you saw to the music of the old blind harper, who sat just outside the door by the high clock in

the windy hall. Here, too, was the prettiest girl I saw in Wales. She told me she was sixteen, and I believed her. You talk of strawberries and cream—a namby-pamby and silly expression—she was blackberries and cream. She was there with her brother Arthur, a youth two years older than herself, the guide, philosopher, and financier of the party: the pair were the children of a Bristol music-teacher. We lunched together, and the girl cut the pie with her own hands. She had been twice to London. When I asked her where she stayed when she came there, she said, “At Mr. Hawkins’s,” as if that were enough. Was there ever such a delightful answer!

I tell this because it is only fair to Llangollen that I should. Any little nameless stream in the Shenandoah Valley is better than the Dee. But in the tavern near there would have been no landlady with the keys, nor the really good music of the harper, nor the table spread with tarts and berries, nor very likely the pretty girl. The green waters of the Dee, cool and clean enough a few rods off, I found, when I came nearer, washing over noisome, stinking rocks. I followed the slip-

ping banks a mile or so, and then took the macadamised road that runs above the river. I very soon found my way back to the inn, and went with Arthur and his sister to a village entertainment. We sat upon the front bench, and saw a burlesque of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, performed by four metropolitan stars, upon a stage eight feet by twelve.

I have spoken of art as strong and of nature as weak in the Old World. In scenes in which art and nature mingle, England, I suppose, is unsurpassed. The little I saw of rural England was mainly on Sundays, and then I could rarely get far away from London. There are influences which nature appears to borrow from society. The Christian Sunday seems to impart to the pristine beauty of our own landscape an intenser purity. Here, where the virgin altars are set up in glades whose stillness is broken only by the noise of the primeval streams, where the spires shine afar over our summer wildernesses, the face of nature is conscious of the religion of man. There is, on a Sunday afternoon, in the long street which climbs the hill of a New England village, an unattainable

severity, an almost bitter silence. On a Sunday morning, when the village bells are silent, to me, sitting under the trees of an orchard in blossom, there is in the air a strange reproof, a pungent purity, which renders obvious a canker in the midst of the blue sunlight and the bloom. These impressions must of course exist in England, though my occupations in London were such as to give me little leisure to taste the wild silences and asperities of the rural Sunday afternoon. In one of the few suburbs of London yet comparatively free from the ravages of convenience and respectability, there was an old green-walled garden-plot, to which I was permitted to repair at that hour. I sat alone upon a broken, dirty, iron bench (I beg the T——'s pardon for calling their bench dirty), and under an old pear-tree. It was a long patch of sod and flowers. The brick walls were rent and decayed, and, except where the peach and the vine covered them, were green with moss and black with age. The neighbouring gardens I only knew by the tops of the pear and may-trees. No sound came from them save the rustle of their greenery, which now and then dis-

turbed the heart of the quiet hour. Of the children who played in them, of the maidens who knelt among their flowers, I knew nothing. The same sunshine and yellow haze filled them all, the same Sabbath silence. From out their narrow plots all looked upward to the same blue sky. I used to think that the gardens never ended, but lay side by side the island through, and that the sea washed them all around.

New York and London Winters.

AN English winter all men have agreed to consider as the greatest discomfort under which the inhabitants of the Isles suffer. The day is dark by two, and one can scarcely read before ten in the morning. Yet the densest, yellowest fogs in which poor Londoners grope from house to house to find their door-bells, the all-day rains that drown the cabbies, and shadow the large, dark, hospitable windows of the inns—all these are very pleasant, soothing, and inviting in comparison with such persistent slush and foul weather, such protracted out-of-door misery as we suffer sometimes in New York. There is a jerking and incessant quality in our winter weather. It is no sooner allayed and softened than it is up and at it again, until patience can support it no longer, and one yields

one's self to be jolted along by fate. An English winter is disagreeable rather than violent ; it is no such tax upon human nerves and patience as our own. Of course, your feet are never clean ; your eyes smart with the fogs ; the east wind withers you ; but you are, somehow, soon beset with a soft and dirty uncomfortableness, to which, once having succumbed, you continue in contented subjection.

We are not sure that the overhead London winter has not been a little slandered. The sun comes out at times very softly, and as you look over the wet sod and blue wintry thickets of Green and St. James's Parks, the towers of the Abbey catch from the air a natural or artificial blue, exquisite and quite indefinable. But they have nothing like the exhilaration of our cold moonlight and starlight heavens. They have nothing like our successive days of hard, bright weather. They have nothing like that frozen blue-green sky of our January nights, with the moon apparently congealed in the midst of it. On a late Sunday, looking over the bay at sundown, there arose a scene so wild, strong, and sublime, that the beholder could scarcely believe himself in the

midst of a city of a million people. The desolate bay, jammed with ice from the wharves to the wood-fringed Jersey hills, lay as silent and stern as any untrodden unfamiliar place in the heart of the Andes or the Himalayas. There is a vital hour of the landscape, which, at summer sunsets, is very evanescent. The day concentrates into its parting glance a swift, intense meaning. Turn your back upon it a moment, or shut your eyes, and it is gone; but, on this evening, all around the city roofs, the hills, and the ice-fields, there lingered a deep, strong crimson almost frozen into the sky.

The puissance of nature over man here, and its unconsciousness of him, even in the very ways of his cities, is strangely apparent to the European. We shoot about the rivers in our ferry-boats, and wheel in our omnibuses through the drifts of the streets, and all the time the snow-storms roar over us, and the whirlwinds enwrap us and hide us from skies which scarcely notice us, and shut us in from a world upon which we scarcely make any impression.

The Evening Call.

THE evening call is a peculiarity of American life. The strict watch kept over the family would make that institution, as it exists among us, quite an impossibility on the continent of Europe. In England, where there is greater freedom for unmarried women, this evening cannot very well be used for calling, owing to the lateness of the dinner hour. The question of dinner is, indeed, very much involved in the matter. It is quite impossible that it should be later than six without either unhappily shortening that ceremony or infringing on the hour for the call. While dinner is certainly a pleasanter meal taken in the evening than earlier, we must remember that the evening is the best hour of the day for social enjoyment, no matter how we pass it. It is the instinct of

man to have the best thing last ; we should always be happiest just before going to bed. Yet in considering the question whether the evening is better as we pass it, or as the English do after an eight o'clock dinner, there is much to be said on both sides. Both ways are undoubtedly good, but upon the whole a change to the English custom would be rather for the worse. Comparing roughly the *pros* and *cons* of the subject, we might say that the English habit is better for families, and our own better for the morals and well-being of the bachelors.

We would certainly not underrate the magical effect of a dress coat and white bosom upon the drooping faculties. The English dinner makes a rubicon dividing by a broad line the day of work from the day of relaxation. The diner washes off the toil of the day with its soot and grime. No matter how tired or languid he may be, the mere act of dressing seems to put a new song in his mouth. He becomes pert and audacious, and bears down upon his acquaintance with the delight and pharisaic feeling of cleanliness and good apparel. He has a distinct consciousness of his

linen. He is well aware of the difference between himself and any unclean thing. All this is very pleasant. The English dinner certainly has this consideration in its favour, and for families even higher ones.

But it bears hardly upon the bachelors, who transact their solitary meals with speed, and have nobody to go to see. On the score of comfort, though, some bachelors in England are very well off. The club men, as a rule, need no sympathy ; their misfortunes are not of the material kind. The miserable people are the men who are compelled to live at the hotels and restaurants. The British lion who stares out of the club windows is a well-kept contented beast. But there is no happiness for that lean creature who, as hunger possesses him, must lash his sides with his tail, and wretchedly reflect whether he will lie in wait at the nearest chop-house for whatever comes along, or daintily devour a bird or two at the Pall Mall Restaurant, or pounce upon a leg of mutton at Simpson's in the Strand. The club is the admirable result of long experience. Not in vain have the bachelors of the past lived and

suffered. Pretty furniture, good cooking, and agreeable company unite to make a pleasant impression. The dining-rooms, which are usually small, have perhaps a dozen tables, one of which the diner has to himself. A wax candle is placed upon each, with a white paper shade about it. The cloths and napkins are spotless, and the glasses glistening. Men usually read at dinner, when alone, books or magazines out of the library ; and two men who have not much talk, even when dining together, will read. The young men usually dress ; and the room, with its pretty tables, and its florid, well-dressed occupants, makes an agreeable, appetising impression. Physically, then, the bachelors are well enough off. In other respects they are not so fortunate. Their privations begin when dinner is over. They must then go to the smoking-room, and have coffee and chat ; or, pleasantly gorged and fuddled, lounge and bask before an open fire. This, again, is not so bad, but they tire of it in time. The trouble is that one half of the great human race is excluded ; they wish to see that other half, and there is no place where they can find it. Ladies' society is

very difficult to be had, because families are at their pleasant and leisurely dinners. There may be, here and there, people you may run in upon ; but the universal opening of doors, which takes place from eight to nine in American towns, is quite unknown. The British bachelor, therefore, as he rises from his dinner at the club, is an object of commiseration. What is he to do till bed-time ? He may have a rubber of whist in the card-room, but that is expensive. He may go to the theatre, but the play is not always good ; and, if it were, he does not want the play every night, any more than waffles every morning. If he has force and restlessness, he is driven to all sorts of shifts to amuse himself. I knew one young gentleman whose post-prandial diversion it was to rush off to ride to fires on a steam-engine, and blow the trumpet. But for men gifted with less energy than this individual possessed, the last resort (sometimes we fear the first) is the society of the ladies who frequent the Argyll and the Alhambra. Many of those gentlemen, very likely, do not feel their privations. Most men about town in London might think the way of spending the evening in

vogue among us exceedingly slow. But the vitiated taste is the result of the evil experience. Had they possessed our opportunities from youth they might have thought differently.

But those fortunate people, whom fate has not compelled to toil, are comparatively rare with us. After a hard day's work, it must be a very energetic man who cares to ride to fires on an engine and blow the trumpet; and for men who labour in the daytime, no conceivable relaxation, as a stand-by or staple, could be better than the evening call. It is fortunate that this very good thing, unlike most other good things, is easy to be had. Almost any young man, coming as a stranger into an American community, may at once secure the society of good and kind women. Of course, in any city, and almost in any village, there are people whom the young stranger will find it difficult to know. But there are plenty whom he may know easily, and who are quite as good. There will always be some who think they have friends enough, and there will be others who hold notions of chaperonage and surveillance, but the tide of democracy makes very little of these things.

The young man will find friends somewhere to his mind, and such friends will usually be feminine, the indispensable quality men ask in their acquaintance. We say then that the stranger will find women who will like him, and they will be better than he deserves to know ; for in this country women are very equal in education ; the difference in mental and social culture between classes is mainly seen in the men. It appals Europeans to hear of the readiness with which strangers are received into American homes. But before we censure our way of doing, we have to consider two points. Is it good for the young men, and is it bad for the families into which they are admitted ? The advantage to any friendless young stranger is indisputable. A merchant in St. Louis has told me how, when a boy, he left his New Jersey home for the western town, which was then a week's journey off. The very evening of the day on which he reached St. Louis, by good luck he found his way to a parlour where there were an old piano and some young ladies, and these young ladies sang him "Way down upon the Swanee River." The lad was but seventeen when, to seek his home

and future, he stepped down into the cold current of that dreary stream. He says that the song, and the kindness of the girls, warmed his chilled breast as with a cordial. We do not think that families have very much to fear from a very liberal opening of doors to strangers. There are dangers in our society, but things would not be helped by a more rigorous examination of candidates for admission. The probability is that if you do not like the candidate he will not like you, and will take himself off before he can do you any harm. It is quite as safe to trust a countenance as the word of an introducer, though it is well to have both. The introducer is liable to mistake. Moreover, you have no security that the boy who grows up in the next garden to your own may not turn out a knave. We cannot but regret any movement that tends to narrow the possibilities of intercourse. Unluckily, it is our doom to know too few of the admirable people who exist.

Society, as seen in the parlour of an American house by the evening caller, is the social unit or *plenum*—small enough to permit him to be a part of it if he chooses, and so large that he may treat it

as a spectacle without being accused of staring. It suits everybody, from the plainest youth with the common gregarious instinct to the more conceited person who looks on and admires. I believe this simple institution is one of the best possible tests of the moral health of any epoch of one's life. There are two such gauges. If our minds are not open to nature, if it bores us to sit upon a fence and look over a darkling country for an hour after sunset (providing, of course, we have ever liked that sort of thing), we may think that something is the matter. This is a negative way of getting at the truth. But in the presence of the pure and beautiful our decadence is shown us plainly and unequivocally. Take the parlour of some household where goodness and refinement are the family dower, and the voices of shame and strife come from the outside muffled through its windows and walls. The mother is there, and she may remain if she chos^es. The abolition of chaperonage has robbed her of her terrors. If she has kindness, or authority, or benignity, or any other beauty, we consider her an acquisition. A father or brother is not in the way. Then the daughters and sisters, or the

cousins who are visiting, sing, or crochet, or talk, or sit silent—it makes little difference which ; for, if they have grace and innocence, we defy them to move an arm, or thread a needle, or walk the length of the room, without expressing it. There, in the deep and tranquil scene before us, we see written those stories of truth and purity that happily we may so often read in the broad pages of the book of human life. In such hours elevation and sensibility come of course. How grateful we are for whatever virtue we possess, how glad of past self-denial ! But if the late months contain an ugly recollection, how darkly it smites us that the truth cannot be told in this fair company.

Our Latest Notions of Republics.

THERE is something to me indescribably moving in the attitude of sympathy, yet of separation, which this country held towards Europe for the first third of the present century. That continent was so far away we scarcely believed it to exist ; yet in our remote happiness and security we were unable for an hour to avert our eyes from the drama of human fate enacted within its cities and upon its plains. We later Americans can scarcely understand the wonder and attention with which the citizens of our earlier republic looked upon Europe. When the young ladies of that period gathered to tea-parties in my own native village, it was under the very shadow of the stone tower of the church where were said the longest prayers in all Virginia, that they thumbed

albums containing pictures of Haidee and the Maid of Athens ; and who was it but Byron, the libertine and sceptic, that they held in their dear little Presbyterian hearts? My mother, in that mountain home, sang of the loves of Josephine and Napoleon, or thrummed upon the old piano to the humming-bird in the honeysuckle vine, the "Downfall of Paris." Thus did our early republic, nestling along the edge of the great unknown continent, hear the echoes of Europe. Each wind that swept the sun-washed sea brought tidings from the land of passion, and feud, and discord, and ambition. Armies met and perished. Patriots languished in prisons and expired upon scaffolds. But no blight reached those happy homes, only pity and enthusiasm. No rumour stirred for an hour the trance of our summer landscape. The mountains yet stood silent ; the spires lingered in the virgin air ; still the wave of the ocean lapped the long glistening line of sand that rimmed our Atlantic border.

Our early attitude towards Europe was one of separation. We admired Europe far more than we do at present, yet at the same time we

were much farther away than now. We looked on with wonder and sympathy, and yet all the while prayed to be delivered from temptation. Unable to take away our eyes, we crossed ourselves. Mirabeau wrote a pamphlet in which he warned us that in the Cincinnati Society (which association, I believe, continues annually to eat a dinner somewhere) we held the germ of an aristocracy; and Virginia, with the charming simplicity of the time, refused to retain a chapter for this very reason. If you had told a patriot of that day that this dream of a republic would be one easy enough of accomplishment, that in fact it would be no such great thing when attained, that kings and lords were the simplest and most easily mastered of the obstacles in the way of human progress, that a state of society in which the humblest citizen could be elected to office might be a very immature one, you would have nearly broken his heart.

The passion for the spread of political liberty, so familiar to all cultivated and generous minds during the first half of the present century, has diminished very noticeably of late. Hardly a ves-

tige remains of that enthusiastic sympathy which the people of that day gave to Greece and Poland. It is but twenty years since Kossuth, it is but ten since Garibaldi and the impulse of Italian unity. So that only in the last decade of years has the change of which we speak come over society. In Europe the phenomenon may be in part explained by the great interest the common people have taken in social questions. But in this country there has been much less interest in social questions, and we must look for some other explanation of our apathy toward the spread of republicanism abroad, and of our want of enthusiasm and exultation over its indisputable establishment at home. I think that the decline of our aspiration for the spread and establishment of republicanism is the result, first, of the sense of the fulfilment of that aspiration, and, secondly, of the fact that we had greatly over-estimated both the difficulty and the importance of the task. America, with whose movements Europe has always so strongly sympathised, has had several kinds of patriots. The patriot of the years following our revolution was of a far more ardent and interest-

ing type than his successor of the present day. His task was almost as new as that of Columbus. The world applauded, and admired, but doubted, and it would have been strange had he not felt the contagion of its disbelief. He believed, but believed with fear and trembling. He was full of forebodings and warnings as to the fate of liberties, had the lessons of Greece and Rome continually on his lips, and attached a superstitious value to Washington's dying utterances. The early patriot adored liberty, but with the ardour of the lover for his almost unattainable mistress. The patriot of the present has taken her, not for his sweetheart, but for his comely and contented bride. Comfortably he sits in dressing-gown and slippers, and, without surprise or exultation, sees her who was once his morning star tripping about his apartment, hanging ornaments on the bare walls, dusting away the cobwebs, and putting to rights on doorstep and window-sill some disorderly things which have long been a scandal and a reproach in the eyes of certain aristocratic old maids over the other way. Indeed, one might say that the patriot of the present finds his vocation a dull one. With

human ingratitude and obliviousness, he hardly understands that he is a very happy man. If you tell him he is fortunate in his freedom from royalty and hereditary aristocracy, he is rather surprised. It is much as if the Swiss should congratulate him on not having the goitre. Really that is one of the things it had never occurred to him to be thankful for. The American patriot of ten or fifteen years ago was also a person of more vigour and enthusiasm than the man of to-day. Politics is with us a far less ardent and attractive field now than then. It lacks, at present, the inspiration of opposition to slavery. We all felt before the war (those of us who dared dream of such an event) that the abolition of slavery would make the country happy and perfect. And during the war, how looked then, in the future, the vine and fig-tree under which the victors should one day cool themselves! How we heard the distant church bells ringing, and saw far away the piping times of peace, and the wide, brooding land grown happier for ever.

It has all come to pass. Our dreams have been more than fulfilled. We are rich and free, and

wield a silent influence such as perhaps no other country wields. But we have attained to this only to find ourselves much duller, and no nearer perfection than before, and to again confront tasks of Herculean difficulty. In our pursuit of principles which are new and true, we had forgotten some that are old and equally true. We now call to mind that no State can be happy in which there are not wise and good men to direct and teach, and in which other men are not willing to learn. We have entire confidence in any republican success, and we know that, great as our difficulties are, kings and lords cannot help us. It will come right in the end, we are sure, with higher and wider education, and that recognised supremacy of an educated class which we once had, but which we threw away. But our task is so grave that we have little time or inclination for sympathy with the impatience of other countries.

English Conservative Temper.

THE English Conservatives have rather a temper than a policy. In describing a Conservative, therefore, it is far more important to observe him than to attempt a diagnosis of his opinions. He is the balky horse of the team. And yet he is the balky horse in front of a car that must go on. Rear and plunge as he may, he must get ahead, or the single-trees will be upon his heels. The hard pulling has always been done by the Liberal horse, the Tory steed trotting on sullenly by his side. As soon as the Liberal animal stumbles or shows signs of fatigue, the balky horse at once begins to plunge in the most indignant and contemptuous manner, and to indicate to the charioteer that if the coach is to proceed that stupid beast must be unhitched. The Tory steed (which has

really considerable mettle and energy), finding himself the sole reliance of the vehicle, strains forward with all the strength he can command. But the poor beast is nearly exhausted with the struggle before the car has been got over a few feet of ground. The Liberal horse must be again called in; sullenly the unhappy beast resumes his reluctant jog. But we must not despise the Conservative horse. He has his uses. He is a good war horse. When the car of state becomes an artilleryman's carriage, he rattles it over the stones in fine style. To change the figure somewhat, he is no beast to carry on his back a tax-gatherer or an educational reformer, or social philosopher who turns his toes out. But when a soldier gets astride of him he becomes a serviceable animal.

The Conservative party in England has always been the party of objection and the party of defeat. It has its important uses. It teaches caution to those whom too much success would render over confident. The flippancy, the jaunting, joking tone of men who think it scarcely worth while that they should condescend to be serious—that tone into which the successful majority

in our own civil struggle fell after the war was over—an English party is rarely allowed to reach. The evil to which men are prone as the sparks fly upward is much too inevitable a matter to permit the Conservative function to become an obsolete one. It guards a wise and good impulse from the old age of Solomon. The Conservative party has, moreover, accidental allies in the caprice of the people, in all sorts of rumours and humours. There was evident in the recent crisis an irritable, wilful disposition for change, as if the people were tired of looking at Gladstone. They were like untutored listeners at a concert of classical music; they enjoyed none of it, but when the orchestra was playing they wished it was time for the singing, and when the prima donna was at her solo they wanted the fiddles to begin again. But the Conservative party must always be beaten. The idea of reform has taken a permanent hold of the English mind. All parties agree that progress is the principle of government. The rankest Tory in England holds that freedom should broaden slowly down from precedent to precedent. He only sticks at the particular reform. Reform is

a good thing: but he thinks that you must not increase the suffrage, and you must not have the ballot, and you must not disestablish the Irish church. In a word, the Conservative party must always have a policy at war with the necessary and inevitable principle in the life of the state.

English and American Newspaper-writing.

THE *décorum* which is characteristic of English papers of the best class resides not so much in the men who conduct them as in the audience to which they are addressed. Were not such *décorum* required from the outside, persons without education and breeding would be sure, sooner or later, to begin to write in papers ; indeed, educated and well-bred men would soon cease to write without *décorum*. It must be a man of uncommon virtue and strength of judgment, who will write in accordance with the principles of good sense and good taste, unless those principles are pretty well defined by society. What may and what may not be said are pretty well understood by

writers in England. The feeling of the limits put upon them checks many a low impulse, dilutes the gall dripping from many a pen ; while the consciousness of a critical audience represses the gush, folly, and pretence which impose upon the ignorant. The best papers of England are read by tradesmen, and perhaps by mechanics. But it is not the tradesmen and mechanics who compel the papers to take their sensible and decorous tone. The barristers, the clergy, and the educated men in general of England do this, and the merchants and mechanics acquiesce. The English have a larger class than we of men who ask of any proposition or measure if it be true or right, rather than if it be useful. Here, one is more apt to belong to a clique, or to have an axe to grind, or to have interests other than those of opinion in the matter. Interested criticism, indeed, is that heard everywhere most commonly ; but it is still true that the number of men who care for truth and justice, simply as truth and justice, is smaller here than in England. An educated Englishman, in expressing his opinion upon a question which concerns his country and another

country, will usually profess to exclude the consideration that England is his country. I say "profess;" of course, he will not always—perhaps, not often—do it, but an American will scarcely profess to ignore his interest in the matter. This is largely because higher education is more diffused in England than here. Then it is true that education necessitates a certain degree of honesty. Even if the conscience of an educated and able man does not make him truthful, the clearness of his perceptions will often render it difficult for him to be false. One evening, sitting in the gallery of the House of Commons, I heard a striking example of that candour in which educated men delight. An opponent of the Government was upon the floor. He was upbraiding the ministry for selling arms just before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, at which event, he averred, nobody was or could have been surprised. This was a round-about way of intimating that he was not surprised, and that he was a person of some foresight. Mr. Lowe rose, and before proceeding to the matter of the speech, dismissed the orator as follows: "Mr. Speaker, the only criticism I have to make upon

the gentleman is, that he expects everybody to be as clever as himself. Because he descried in the future the terrible war that has ravaged Europe, saw Metz, saw Sedan, the capitulation of the emperor, the fall of Paris, the Commune, and all the rest of it, he thinks that I should have seen all this too. Now, in all humility, I assure him that I never expected anything of the sort. Mr. Speaker, the whole thing has been a complete surprise to me." The wit and truth of this were irresistible.

Of course, there is wonderfully little stuff in the usual editorial page of the usual high-class English paper. For that matter, it is inevitable that there shall be very little stuff in the editorial page of almost any paper. The writing about this country is very poor : it is not, as a usual thing, hostile or spiteful ; it is rather feeble and inaccurate. The best writers, those most ambitious really to comprehend the country, shoot wide of the mark. In one way they have studied us pretty well. They have read the "Federalist," Madison's papers, &c., and have quite a notion of State's rights and the Monroe doctrine. But of the moods of the country

and its physiognomy, of our public opinion and its factors, they know little, and, as a rule, write ill. A man born and reared here, and accustomed to think about his country, will detect constant little divergencies from the truth. The pen of the writer is incessantly glancing from reality, by spaces which it would be difficult to define, and yet of which it is impossible not to be conscious. Sometimes we are treated to columns of pure guessing. But the mass of English writing about America we should describe rather as the "wishy-washy complimentary." The chief editor of a journal says, "America is a great country, and she must have to-day a portion of our space." Accordingly, some young gentleman is selected to maunder down a column of loose, uncertain comment, which is not to offend the Americans, who are touchy, nor to tell the truth of them, of which last article they are in possession of very little.

But when we turn to our own papers, we find the editorial articles feebler than the English ones; while the propriety, scholar-like manner, and semblance of fairness of the English press are generally wanting. And here I have an opportunity to

speak of the affectation and insincerity so common in American editorial writing.

An editorial should be written to inform the people concerning some question of the day, or to counsel the public as to the course to be pursued concerning it. A newspaper writer should speak as if he were in a deliberative assembly, and the question under discussion were to be voted upon. How often does he so speak? Read through the usual editorial, and ask yourself, "Now what shall I do?" You find that you are as much in the dark as ever. Suppose the Modoc war is to be written upon. The gentleman or lady sits down to the task, talks in a most superior manner, and earns his or her ten, twenty, or thirty dollars a column, whatever it may be, to the entire satisfaction of the managers of the paper. But now take the article to the Government authorities, and let them educe a policy from it. The public functionary must read a long time before he will discern whether or no he is to hang Captain Jack; whether, indeed, he is to do or to refrain from doing anything in particular.

It is the faith of many newspapers that the

people do not like sense and information; that they prefer nonsense or commonplace which has the appearance of originality. Now I think that the "average man" is very well contented with either. He likes sense and information, if they are not put in such a way as to tire or shock him. He is willing enough to put up with commonplace which imitates originality, for he finds nothing to object to in the commonplaces, and he has not sufficient confidence in his own judgment to detect the counterfeit originality. But it is a mistake to imagine that there is always a popular demand for any foolish fashion of writing which happens to exist. That very lack of discrimination which marks the uneducated man renders him quite as ready to accept sense as nonsense. But as nonsense only is given him, he accepts nonsense. Who is he that he should set up his opinion against persons who express themselves in such fine and confident words, whose sentences are printed in such elegant type, in papers sold at such grand hotels, and scattered by the thousand in such great cities? What is known as a popular demand might be more accurately described as

a popular acquiescence. It seems very formidable when we think of the immense number of persons who form it; but then it is only skin deep. Instead of a popular state of mind being, as we are apt to think it, a recondite and almost inscrutable matter, it is oftener the result of an obvious and even contemptible cause. Instead of there being a deep-seated and characteristic taste with which public caterers must comply, the fashion is often given the people from above. After the fashion is fixed, men write in accordance with it, and explain its existence by the fiction of a demand. The qualities at which editorial writers may aim are sense, thoroughness, and good taste. Now and then they may be eloquent, and now and then they may be witty. But wit and eloquence must be the incidents, and not the staple, of an editor's work. If we try to have it otherwise, at the best we can only have sham wit and sham eloquence, which are not only false, hurtful to the writer and hurtful to the reader, but must be quite as tiresome as honest common-places.

It is natural that an editor should be more

anxious that his labour appear good than be good. He has special temptations to this sort of work. He is paid less for the inherent than for the apparent value of his contributions. A lawyer's work is good when he wins his case, a doctor's when he cures his patient; but there is no such test for the work of an editor. "Do people like to read it?" is the ultimate question; and what people like to read cannot easily be known with certainty. As we are confident, however, that sense and thoroughness must be acknowledged, we marvel that writers are not more willing to rely upon honest work and to be content with it. But that is the last thing they are willing to rely upon. They must have an out-of-the-way title. They must torture the jaded humour into some feverish antics. They must put their trust in affected wisdom and affected fine moral sentiments. One peculiarity of their way of writing is a certain tone of infinite knowingness. A fact is told you, but it is parenthetically insinuated that the writer's general knowledge of the subject is simply boundless. Is he to write upon the Eastern question, and has he heard for the

first time of General Ignatieff, he begins as follows : "Well, in spite of the wily Russian, who represents the Czar in Constantinople," &c. Very few of the English papers, except the vulgarest, exhibit this peculiar form of nonsense in their treatment of questions of politics ; but the best papers occasionally do something very like it in their criticisms of art and literature. The imitators of these critics in this country are, however, quite even with them. A friend of mine, who is an editor, sent me a book of poems to review, with the request that I should make the article "dignified." I knew very well what he meant by this prescription. I was to talk as if I were not only familiar with the subject in hand, but with pretty much every other. I was to be very confident ; here and there derisive, here and there ecstatic, but always absolute ; and each paragraph, as I left it, was to stand up and quiver with a gelatinous consistency, galvanised by the energy of my mind and hand.

One would naturally wish to speak only when one can speak strongly, and with precision and certainty. The seemly man is he who is silent when his thought is immature. He is not likely

to offend his own self-esteem, nor to lower himself in the opinion of the clear-sighted. But the serenely silent man and the unseemly speaker are alike immature. We merely see the one state of mind, while we do not see the other. One confesses the mental condition, which the other equally possesses. So long as the speaker does not lay claim to a certainty which he has not, he is really as good a man, and, if not so seemly, as dignified as the other. It is one's duty at times to write ill. A newspaper contributor must constantly write upon subjects of which his knowledge is imperfect, and of which his opinion is immature. It cannot be otherwise. And why should writers wish to make it appear otherwise? You consult a paper with the same intent with which you ask the opinion of an intelligent friend. You do not wish your wiser friend to decide the matter for you ; you ask him to throw light upon it. If he has no definite opinion to give you, you wish the stimulus of a common sympathy and a common curiosity. You ask the same of a newspaper. The writer need not be omniscient ; if he be eager and interested the reader

will be eager and interested. The disposition in newspapers to appear wiser than they are is therefore not only immoral, but, I believe, inexpedient.

Americans Abroad.

MANY sorts of Americans are to be seen in Europe. There are those who live there and have a hold upon society. These are the privileged few; and some of them are very nice people and do us credit. But even these are not quite so nice and certainly not so useful and considerable as if they lived at home. For a foreigner is always at a disadvantage. He is tied to the country in which he is resident neither by his past nor by his future, and is therefore not important to it. Even an eminent foreigner cannot hold abroad the place he has at home. He has done something in his own country, and is of some value there; he will be apt to be of very little value elsewhere. So that it is certainly true that a man loses in social density by having his residence in a land other

than his own. Men who desire achievement and consideration should live at home. No country, not even our own, is hospitable to foreigners as such ; our ladies are glad enough to have a count at their houses, but I never hear that they put themselves to much trouble to seek out young strangers who are over here making their way.

But there are certain other Americans (and this class is much larger than the foregoing) who count upon their fingers the grafts and princes they know. They are very unhappy people. Their unhappiness does not consist in the illusive and unsatisfactory nature of the phantoms they pursue so much as in the agonising self-inquiry of which they are the subjects. They never cease to interrogate themselves with one form of ancient question, "What am I?" They ask not "Am I virtuous?" "Am I right?" but "Am I genteel?" "Do I possess that peculiar constitution of mind which, in the illustrious circles of the Old World, makes me 'one of them?'" This question is never answered. If it were only a tangible society the inquirer was in search of, his condition would not be so wretched ; he is condemned, however, to

imitate the pursuit of the dog who ran round after his own tail. Alas, if men could but devote to the pursuit of goodness and knowledge the sensitiveness of conscience, the earnestness, the profound desire and dissatisfaction with which they ask to be genteel!

Some thirty years ago the English were the great travellers of Europe. They overran the Continent. Many of these tourists were of a sort to make Frenchmen and Italians wonder what manner of men the English were. But the fact of such people getting abroad was altogether to the advantage of the English. Persons of corresponding position on the Continent would never have got beyond their own thresholds. Of late years, however, the Americans send abroad more travellers and spend more money in foreign lands than any other people. Wealth having in this country, far more than in England, lost significance, any sort of people here go abroad. It is greatly to the credit, or, at least, to the advantage of this country, that such people can prosper and be happy. It is true, however, that we have very often cause to be ashamed of our brethren in

Europe. Why is it that Americans look so much worse abroad than at home? The truth is, I suppose, that we see a worse class than we see at home, or see more of them, and that we see them under circumstances which are not in their favour.

As I have before said, any foreigner is seen at a disadvantage in a country not his own. He is especially at a disadvantage, if he lacks social education. He is amid circumstances to which he is not accustomed, and if there is any vulgarity in him it is sure to come out. Indeed, if he have none, he is likely to adopt a little for present use. A civilised instinct is possibly the cause of some of his mistakes. He is alone, would like acquaintance, and is not judicious in his advances. There are some things which the wariest traveller will have to learn. One is that it will not do to be candid; an Englishman, Frenchman, or German quite as much objects to be told anything ill of his country as an American. A foreigner should admire; even guarded and discriminating praise from him is not usually acceptable. I believe that one other mistake with which an American

goes abroad for the first time is, that because he lives in an important country he is entitled to more respect than men who live in smaller countries like Holland or Belgium. A little thought should teach him that this cannot be; that one's nationality must be, of course, a very small ingredient among the considerations that go to make up his presentibility. Is he good-looking, is he rich, well-mannered, amusing, learned, clever? These are the questions which society asks, and not, "What is his country?" But an American's chief danger in Europe is that his energy and want of occupation may hurry him into improprieties and vulgarities. I know it is true that Americans who have lived long about the European capitals, and who have nothing to do, are not energetic people. There are many of our countrymen, loiterers in the foreign cities, who have learned to suffer in silence the *ennui* and stupefaction which idleness generates. Never having learned the pleasure of labour, and fancying that they cannot work as other men do, they give themselves up to an unhealthy indolence, of which they do not admit to themselves even the wretchedness. I have seen a man kept

out of Paris by circumstances he could not control, varying the monotony of existence in the following manner: One day he has his chop at Simpson's in the Strand, and his supper at the Pall Mall Restaurant; the next he has lunch at the Rainbow (calling for porter which he does not like, but which he understands should be had at the Rainbow); in the evening he dines at the Blue Post and has whitebait. So he goes on from day to day, exhausting one by one the experiences of the universe.

But the usual American abroad is not this sort of man, and has temptations of a different kind. The more he is able to rest the better for him. One danger is that his impatience and activity will carry him into scenes livelier than the above, but not so moral. Especially he should beware of too great a desire to know the world and to "study society." Every reader is familiar with that strong feeling of obligation resting upon him to acquaint himself with certain French novels ("an educated man should know these things") before he has read much more famous works of a less peculiar character. In the same

way it is surprising to find what opportunities for the student of man the casinos and other places of the kind seem to afford. It is not unusual to see at the Argyll, just when the dancing is the wildest, and the dull electricity in the atmosphere the most palpable, the really honest traveller from America—a Sunday-school teacher, likely—"surveying mankind from China to Peru," &c., and looking on with a countenance expressive of edification and enlightenment. I had here better amend a remark made above. I spoke of the innocent and dull delights of certain feeble idlers. I meant to pass no encomiums upon the morality of American idlers in Europe. The tendency of the sort of life led by these persons, especially when unmarried, is to produce a certain type of man of which one sees a great deal—a sort of cross between a *roué* and an old maid.

It is certainly true that our people do not look to such advantage abroad as at home. I presume the reason of that is, in part, that here we form intimate acquaintanceships with people whom we like, and these stand for America to our minds and "wall us out" from the inferior sort we meet

abroad. What a delight it is for the sojourner in a foreign land to meet a really charming American family, with beauty, sense, refinement, and kindness! These people are happy to see the fine things Europe has to show them, and will be happy, likewise, to go back to the land which their absence has made lonely. I have no words to offer such as these. But other good persons, with minds less firm and hearts less refined, may reflect with advantage to themselves concerning the manners and the state of mind with which to travel.

Society in New York and Fiction.

I HAVE heard young persons who contemplate writing an American novel, or who are interested in the literature of this country, speak of the material there is in New York society for the writer of fiction. It seems to be thought that certain people living among us may be made to have, as members of society, an interest separate from that we feel in them as men and women. A great many good and amusing books have been written about London and Paris society; why may not such books be written about New York society? Now I wish to show that there is no society in New York which corresponds to that of London or Paris, and that any writer who attempts to make the idea that there is the keynote of his work will be likely to produce a silly,

vulgar book. Apart from the harm to the writer of such a misconception, it is not well to be putting into the heads of people, the country through, notions which have no actual truth. And be it observed that I am now discussing only a question of fact. Whether or no there should be such societies, or whether, where they exist, they do good or harm, I do not say. I only say that there is no such society among us, and that novelists should not write as if there were. But the fact is not of literary importance only; if it be a fact, it should be recognised and accepted by the country.

It would be difficult to discuss this subject without some reference to democracy, the triumph of which in this country has been so complete. There are yet some unreasonable discriminations concerning employments among us, but it is certain that the movement of public sentiment has been strongly and rapidly towards democracy. There was, during the early years of our existence, an approach to a national aristocratic society in this country. A governor or a senator, a judge, commodore, or a general, was an aristocrat. Any-

body who represented or reflected the dignity of government was an aristocrat. This feeling continued till near the middle of the century, or until the second generation of statesmen had disappeared. It has gone now "where the woodbine twineth," to use the significant expression of the significant Jim Fisk. The extreme weakness of the aristocratic element among us at present is in part—in very small part—to be explained by the want of respect in our people. A plain man in this country cares nothing for the man who is above him; is rather proud, and believes it to be a virtue, that he does not care. Nor does it appear a thing to be regretted that such a state of mind exists in the humbler citizen towards the greater one. It is well to have A admire B, if B is a person of superior rectitude, energy, and intelligence. But what advantage will it be to society to have A admire B because B lives in a better house, and may have a better dinner than A?

There is no need to put the cart before the horse. The value of veneration among the masses of men is obvious where they have anything to

venerate. And there can be no want of the capacity for respect among our people. Some story now and then is told which discloses the vast reverence in which Hamilton and Jefferson, and later, Clay and Webster, were held by the Americans of their time. "Break up the great Whig party," said Webster on one occasion, "and where am I to go?" I remember to have heard my father, who was an old-line Whig and an adherent of Webster, say that Webster admired Isaiah. The impression made upon me at the time was very distinct. I thought how conceited the prophet would be were he only aware of the great man's eccentric partiality.

A writer has spoken of this country as one in which superiorities are neither coveted nor respected. That is not true; real superiorities are certainly respected. The few that we have are, perhaps, respected too much. Americans having acquired the just idea that Mr. Emerson is a great man, proceed to let him do their thinking for them. The bulk of our reading people know enough to recognise what is excellent, but have not the critical self-confidence which is the property of

educated men. They therefore fail to insist upon the fact that the greatest men have their limitations and cannot include everything, but in a kind of dazed reverie, like that of a patient in typhoid, accept whatever is told them. So it is not true that there is a want of respect among people in this country to those who deserve respect: the contrary is the fact.

The national aristocratic society has disappeared with the disappearance of respect for the politician. What is called "position" is in this country now altogether local. This is necessarily true. A is known among his neighbours as a rich and decent person; his wife and daughters are "nice" (the American for "noble"), either absolutely or relatively to the people about them. A has position, therefore, in his own town; if he moves elsewhere he does not inevitably take it with him. Now, in very little and very simple communities, these ideas of position and precedence are not important. In a very great place, on the other hand, few men are large enough to be seen over the whole town. As a consequence, we see that New York is perhaps the most democratic town in the country.

venerate. And there can be no want of the capacity for respect among our people. Some story now and then is told which discloses the vast reverence in which Hamilton and Jefferson, and later, Clay and Webster, were held by the Americans of their time. "Break up the great Whig party," said Webster on one occasion, "and where am I to go?" I remember to have heard my father, who was an old-line Whig and an adherent of Webster, say that Webster admired Isaiah. The impression made upon me at the time was very distinct. I thought how conceited the prophet would be were he only aware of the great man's eccentric partiality.

A writer has spoken of this country as one in which superiorities are neither coveted nor respected. That is not true; real superiorities are certainly respected. The few that we have are, perhaps, respected too much. Americans having acquired the just idea that Mr. Emerson is a great man, proceed to let him do their thinking for them. The bulk of our reading people know enough to recognise what is excellent, but have not the critical self-confidence which is the property of

educated men. They therefore fail to insist upon the fact that the greatest men have their limitations and cannot include everything, but in a kind of dazed reverie, like that of a patient in typhoid, accept whatever is told them. So it is not true that there is a want of respect among people in this country to those who deserve respect: the contrary is the fact.

The national aristocratic society has disappeared with the disappearance of respect for the politician. What is called "position" is in this country now altogether local. This is necessarily true. A is known among his neighbours as a rich and decent person; his wife and daughters are "nice" (the American for "noble"), either absolutely or relatively to the people about them. A has position, therefore, in his own town; if he moves elsewhere he does not inevitably take it with him. Now, in very little and very simple communities, these ideas of position and precedence are not important. In a very great place, on the other hand, few men are large enough to be seen over the whole town. As a consequence, we see that New York is perhaps the most democratic town in the country.

It has become so during the years in which it has been shooting into a position of such national and cosmopolitan importance. It is now quite as democratic a place as the inevitable varieties of accident and talent among men will permit it to be. The artifice of exclusiveness, which is sure to succeed in a smaller place, will not do here. People greatly desire to do what they find difficult to do. They do not care at all to do what they know they may do. Accordingly, in a town, or city of moderate size, the people who wish to be thought better than their neighbours, and who have some little advantages to start with, are wise to keep to themselves. They thus prevent their neighbours from finding out that the excluded and the excluders are just alike. They have for their ally that profound want of confidence of ordinary people in their own perceptions. But this is a device which will not do in a city of the size and wide-reaching importance of New York. What will some mover of commerce or politics over the face of the country care for the opinion of the gentlewoman round the corner, who thinks him vulgar?

Thus we see it to be impossible that any dominant society may exist in this country. The recognition of this fact should teach quiet to people inclined to be restless. It need not be unwelcome to the friend of man, for he will remember that democracy does not mean the triumph of utility over dignity and refinement, but that it means dignity and refinement for the many. Writers of fiction may regret the want of diversity and picturesqueness which the fact involves, but it is always well to know the truth; if they desire to avoid vulgarity and the waste of such opportunities as they have, they must heed it. To make men and women interesting as members of society is denied them; but should these writers have the wit to paint men and women as they are, the field is wide enough. There are on all sides people who are charming to contemplate, and whom it should be a pleasure to describe.

THE END.

**CHARLES DICKENS AND EVANS,
CRYSTAL PALACE PRESS.**

BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

January 1875.

**MACMILLAN & CO.'S CATALOGUE of Works
in BELLES LETTRES, including Poetry,
Fiction, etc.**

Allingham.—LAURENCE BLOOMFIELD IN IRELAND ;
or, the New Landlord. By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. New and
Cheaper Issue, with a Preface. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 4s. 6d.

*"It is vital with the national character. . . . It has something of
Pope's point and Goldsmith's simplicity, touched to a more modern
issue."*—ATHENEUM.

An Ancient City, and other Poems.—By A NATIVE
OF SURREY. Extra fcap. 8vo. 6s.

Archer.—CHRISTINA NORTH. By E. M. ARCHER. Two
vols. Crown 8vo. 21s.

*"The work of a clever, cultivated person, wielding a practised pen.
The characters are drawn with force and precision, the dialogue
is easy: the whole book displays powers of pathos and humour,
and a shrewd knowledge of men and things."*—SPECTATOR.

Arnold.—THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS.
VOL. I. NARRATIVE AND ELEGIAC POEMS. VOL. II. DRAMATIC
AND LYRIC POEMS. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. Extra fcap. 8vo.
Price 6s. each.

*The two volumes comprehend the First and Second Series of the
Poems, and the New Poems. "Thyrsis is a poem of perfect
delight, exquisite in grave tenderness of reminiscence, rich in breadth
of western light, breathing full the spirit of gray and ancient Ox-
ford."*—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Atkinson.—AN ART TOUR TO THE NORTHERN
CAPITALS OF EUROPE. By J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.
8vo. 12s.

*"We can highly recommend it; not only for the valuable informa-
tion it gives on the special subjects to which it is dedicated, but also
for the interesting episodes of travel which are interwoven with, and
lighten, the weightier matters of judicious and varied criticism on
art and artists in northern capitals."*—ART JOURNAL.

Baker.—CAST UP BY THE SEA; OR, THE ADVEN-
TURES OF NED GREY. By SIR SAMUEL BAKER, M.A.,
F.R.G.S. With Illustrations by HUARD. Fifth Edition. Crown
8vo. cloth gilt. 7s. 6d.

*"An admirable tale of adventure, of marvellous incidents, wild
exploits, and terrible dénouements."*—DAILY NEWS. *"A story of
adventure by sea and land in the good old style."*—PALL MALL
GAZETTE.

Baring-Gould.—Works by S. BARING-GOULD, M.A. :—

IN EXITU ISRAEL. An Historical Novel. Two Vols. 8vo. 21s.

"Full of the most exciting incidents and ably portrayed characters,

Baring-Gould—*continued.*

abounding in beautifully attractive legends, and relieved by descriptions fresh, vivid, and truth-like.—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

LEGENDS OF OLD TESTAMENT CHARACTERS, from the Talmud and other sources. Two vols. Crown 8vo. 16s. Vol. I. Adam to Abraham. Vol. II. Melchizedek to Zachariah.

"These volumes contain much that is very strange, and, to the ordinary English reader, very novel."—DAILY NEWS.

Barker.—Works by LADY BARKER:—

"Lady Barker is an unrivalled story-teller."—GUARDIAN.

STATION LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"We have never read a more truthful or a pleasanter little book."—ATHENÆUM.

SPRING COMEDIES. STORIES.

CONTENTS:—A Wedding Story—A Stupid Story—A Scotch Story—A Man's Story. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"Lady Barker is endowed with a rare and delicate gift for narrating stories,—she has the faculty of throwing even into her printed narrative a soft and pleasant tone, which goes far to make the reader think the subject or the matter immaterial, so long as the author will go on telling stories for his benefit."—ATHENÆUM.

STORIES ABOUT:—With Six Illustrations. Third Edition. Extra fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

This volume contains several entertaining stories about Monkeys, Jamaica, Camp Life, Dogs, Boys, &c. "There is not a tale in the book which can fail to please children as well as their elders."—PAUL MALL GAZETTE.

A CHRISTMAS CAKE IN FOUR QUARTERS. With Illustrations by JELlicoe. Second Edition. Ex. fcap. 8vo. cloth gilt. 4s. 6d.

"Contains just the stories that children should be told. 'Christmas Cake' is a delightful Christmas book."—GLOBE.

RIBBON STORIES. With Illustrations by C. O. MURRAY. Second Edition. Extra fcap. 8vo. cloth gilt. 4s. 6d.

"We cannot too highly commend. It is exceedingly happy and original in the plan, and the graceful fancies of its pages, merry and pathetic turns, will be found the best reading by girls of all ages, and by boys too."—TIMES.

SYBIL'S BOOK. Illustrated by S. E. WALLER. Second Edition. Globe 8vo. gilt. 4s. 6d.

"Another of Lady Barker's delightful stories, and one of the most thoroughly original books for girls that has been written for many years. Grown-up readers will like it quite as much as young people, and will even better understand the variety of such simple, natural, and unaffected writing."—TIMES.

Bell.—ROMANCES AND MINOR POEMS. By HENRY GLASSFORD BELL. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

"Full of life and genius."—COURT CIRCULAR.

Besant.—STUDIES IN EARLY FRENCH POETRY. By WALTER BESANT, M.A. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.

The present work aims to afford information and direction touching

the early efforts of France in poetical literatures. "In one moderately sized volume he has contrived to introduce us to the very best, if not to all of the early French poets."—ATHENÆUM.

Betsy Lee; A FO'C'S'LE YARN. Extra fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
"There is great vigour and much pathos in this poem."—MORNING POST.

"We can at least say that, it is the work of a true poet."—ATHENÆUM.

Black (W.)—Works by W. BLACK, Author of "A Daughter of Heth."

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.
 Seventh and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s. Also, illustrated by S. E. WALLER, 8vo. cloth gilt. 10s. 6d.

"The book is a really charming description of a thousand English landscapes and of the emergencies and the fun and the delight of a picnic journey through them by a party determined to enjoy themselves, and as well matched as the pair of horses which drew the phaeton they sat in."—TIMES.

A PRINCESS OF THULE. Three vols. Sixth and cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

The SATURDAY REVIEW says:—"A novel which is both romantic and natural, which has much feeling, without any touch of morbidness, which goes deep into character without any suggestion of painful analysis—this is a rare gem to find amongst the debris of current literature, and this, or nearly this, Mr. Black has given us in the 'Princess of Thule.'" "A beautiful and nearly perfect story."—SPECTATOR.

THE MAID OF KILLEENA, and other Stories. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"A collection of pretty stories told in the easiest and pleasantest manner imaginable."—TIMES. "It was with something akin to joy that we drew our chair closer to the fire as the weary work of the novel critic gave place to the smile of satisfaction and pleasure, when, in the very first page of our book, we discovered that we had come again to those Western Isles in the quiet summer sea in the far North, and to those simple people amidst whose loving allegiance the Princess of Thule—Sheila—held her modest Court . . . We shall not be satisfied till 'The Maid of Killeena' rests on our shelves."—SPECTATOR.

Borland Hall.—By the Author of "Olrig Grange." Cr. 8vo. 7s.

Brooke.—THE FOOL OF QUALITY; OR, THE HISTORY OF HENRY, EARL OF MORELAND. By HENRY BROOKE. Newly revised, with a Biographical Preface by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M.A., Rector of Eversley. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Broome.—THE STRANGER OF SERIPHOS. A Dramatic Poem. By FREDERICK NAPIER BROOME. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

Founded on the Greek legend of Danaë and Perseus. "Grace and beauty of expression are Mr. Broome's characteristics; and these qualities are displayed in many passages."—ATHENÆUM. "The story is rendered with consummate beauty."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

Buist.—BIRDS, THEIR CAGES AND THEIR KEEP : Being a Practical Manual of Bird-Keeping and Bird-Rearing. By K. A. BUIST. With Coloured Frontispiece and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Burnand.—MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT. By F. C. BURNAND. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Cabinet Pictures.—Oblong folio, price 42s.

CONTENTS :—“*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*” and “*The Fighting Téméraire*,” by J. M. W. Turner ; “*Crossing the Bridge*,” by Sir W. A. Callcott ; “*The Cornfield*,” by John Constable ; and “*A Landscape*,” by Birket Foster. *The DAILY NEWS* says of them, “*They are very beautifully executed, and might be framed and hung up on the wall, as creditable substitutes for the originals.*”

CABINET PICTURES. A Second Series.

Containing :—“*The Baths of Caligula*” and “*The Golden Bough*,” by J. W. M. Turner ; “*The Little Brigand*,” by T. Uwins ; “*The Lake of Lucerne*,” by Percival Skelton ; “*Evening Rest*,” by E. M. Wimperis. Oblong folio. 42s.

Carroll.—Works by “LEWIS CARROLL :”—

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. With Forty-two Illustrations by TENNIEL. 46th Thousand. Crown 8vo. cloth. 6s.

A GERMAN TRANSLATION OF THE SAME. With TENNIEL's Illustrations. Crown 8vo. gilt. 6s.

A FRENCH TRANSLATION OF THE SAME. With TENNIEL's Illustrations. Crown 8vo. gilt. 6s.

AN ITALIAN TRANSLATION OF THE SAME. By T. P. ROSSETTE. With TENNIEL's Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

“*Beyond question supreme among modern books for children.*”—SPECTATOR. “*One of the choicest and most charming books ever composed for a child's reading.*”—PALL MALL GAZETTE. “*A very pretty and highly original book, sure to delight the little world of wondering minds, and which may well please those who have unfortunately passed the years of wondering.*”—TIMES.

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS, AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE. With Fifty Illustrations by TENNIEL. Crown 8vo. gilt. 6s. 35th Thousand.

“*Quite as rich in humorous whims of fantasy, quite as laughable in its queer incidents, as lovable for its pleasant spirit and graceful manner, as the wondrous tale of Alice's former adventures.*”—ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. “*If this had been given to the world first it would have enjoyed a success at least equal to 'Alice in Wonderland.'*”—STANDARD.

Children's (The) Garland, FROM THE BEST POETS. Selected and arranged by COVENTRY PATMORE. New Edition. With Illustrations by J. LAWSON. Crown 8vo. Cloth extra. 6s.

Christmas Carol (A). Printed in Colours from Original Designs by Mr. and Mrs. TREVOR CRISPIN, with Illuminated Borders from MSS. of the 14th and 15th Centuries. Imp. 4to. cloth inlaid, gilt edges, £3 3s. Also a Cheaper Edition, 21s.

"A most exquisitely got up volume. Legend, carol, and text are precious enshrined in its emblazoned pages, and the illuminated borders are far and away the best example of their art we have seen this Christmas. The pictures and borders are harmonious in their colouring, the dyes are brilliant without being raw, and the volume is a trophy of colour-printing. The binding by Burn is in the very best taste."—TIMES.

Church (A. J.).—HORÆ TENNYSONIANÆ, Sive Eclogæ e Tennysono Latine redditæ. Cura A. J. CHURCH, A.M. Extra fcap. 8vo. 6s.

"Of Mr. Church's ode we may speak in almost unqualified praise, and the same may be said of the contributions generally."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Clough (Arthur Hugh).—THE POEMS AND PROSE REMAINS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. With a Selection from his Letters and a Memoir. Edited by his Wife. With Portrait. Two Vols. Crown 8vo. 21s.

"Taken as a whole," the SPECTATOR says, "these volumes cannot fail to be a lasting monument of one of the most original men of our age."

THE POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

"From the higher mind of cultivated, all-questioning, but still conservative England, in this our puzzled generation, we do not know of any utterance in literature so characteristic as the poems of Arthur Hugh Clough."—FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

Clunes.—THE STORY OF PAULINE: an Autobiography. By G. C. CLUNES. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"Both for vivid delineation of character and fluent lucidity of style, 'The Story of Pauline' is in the first rank of modern fiction."—GLOBE.

Collects of the Church of England. With a beautifully Coloured Floral Design to each Collect, and Illuminated Cover. Crown 8vo. 12s. Also kept in various styles of morocco.

"This is beyond question," the ART JOURNAL says, "the most beautiful book of the season." The GUARDIAN thinks it "a successful attempt to associate in a natural and unforced manner the flowers of our fields and gardens with the course of the Christian year."

Cox.—RECOLLECTIONS OF OXFORD. By G. V. COX, M.A., late Esquire Bedel and Coroner in the University of Oxford. Second and cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

The TIMES says that it "will pleasantly recall in many a country parsonage the memory of youthful days."

Culmshire Folk.—By IGNOTUS. Three vols. Crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Dante.—DANTE'S COMEDY, THE HELL. Translated by W. M. ROSSETTI. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 5s.

"The aim of this translation of Dante may be summed up in one word—Literality. To follow Dante sentence for sentence, line for line, word for word—neither more nor less, has been my strenuous endeavour."—AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Day.—GOVINDA SAMANTA; OR, THE HISTORY OF A BENGAL RAIYAT. By the REV. LAL BEHARI DAY. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.

"The book presents a careful, minute, and well-drawn picture of Hindoo peasant life."—DAILY NEWS.

Days of Old; STORIES FROM OLD ENGLISH HISTORY.

By the Author of "Ruth and her Friends." New Edition. 18mo. cloth, extra. 2s. 6d.

"Full of truthful and charming historic pictures, is everywhere vital with moral and religious principles, and is written with a brightness of description, and with a dramatic force in the representation of character, that have made, and will always make, it one of the greatest favourites with reading boys."—NONCONFORMIST.

Deane.—MARJORY. By MILLY DEANE. Third Edition.

With Frontispiece and Vignette. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

The TIMES of September 18th says it is—"A very touching story, full of promise for the after career of the authoress. It is so tenderly drawn, and so full of life and grace, that any attempt to analyse or describe it falls sadly short of the original. We will venture to say that few readers of any natural feeling or sensibility will take up 'Marjory' without reading it through at a sitting, and we hope we shall see more stories by the same hand." The MORNING POST calls it "A deliciously fresh and charming little love story."

De Vere.—THE INFANT BRIDAL, and other Poems. By AUBREY DE VERE. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Doyle (Sir F. H.)—LECTURES ON POETRY, delivered before the University of Oxford in 1868. By Sir FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Estelle Russell.—By the Author of "The Private Life of Galileo." New Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Full of bright pictures of French life. The English family, whose fortunes form the main drift of the story, reside mostly in France, but there are also many English characters and scenes of great interest. It is certainly the work of a fresh, vigorous, and most interesting writer, with a dash of sarcastic humour which is refreshing and not too bitter. "We can send our readers to it with confidence."—SPECTATOR.

Evans.—BROTHER FABIAN'S MANUSCRIPT, AND OTHER POEMS. By SEBASTIAN EVANS. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 6s.

"In this volume we have full assurance that he has 'the vision and

the faculty divine.' . . . Clever and full of kindly humour."—
GLOBE.

Evans.—THE CURSE OF IMMORTALITY. By A. EUBULE
EVANS. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"Never, probably, has the legend of the Wandering Jew been more ably and poetically handled. The author writes as a true poet, and with the skill of a true artist. The plot of this remarkable drama is not only well contrived, but worked out with a degree of simplicity and truthful vigour altogether unusual in modern poetry. In fact, since the date of Byron's 'Cain,' we can scarcely recall any verse at once so terse, so powerful, and so masterly."—STANDARD.

Fairy Book.—The Best Popular Fairy Stories. Selected and
Rendered anew by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."
With Coloured Illustrations and Ornamental Borders by J. E.
ROGERS, Author of "Ridicula Rediviva." Crown 8vo. cloth,
extra gilt. 6s. (Golden Treasury Edition. 18mo. 4s. 6d.)

"A delightful selection, in a delightful external form."—SPECTATOR.

"A book which will prove delightful to children all the year round."
—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Fawcett.—TALES IN POLITICAL ECONOMY. By MIL-
LICENT FAWCETT, Author of "Political Economy for Beginners."
Globe 8vo. 3s.

"The idea is a good one, and it is quite wonderful what a mass of economic teaching the author manages to compress into a small space. . . . The true doctrines of international trade, currency, and the ratio between production and population, are set before us and illustrated in a masterly manner."—ATHENÆUM.

Fletcher.—THOUGHTS FROM A GIRL'S LIFE. By LUCY
FLETCHER. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

"The poems are all graceful; they are marked throughout by an accent of reality; the thoughts and emotions are genuine."—ATHENÆUM.

Garnett.—IDYLLS AND EPIGRAMS. Chiefly from the Greek
Anthology. By RICHARD GARNETT. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

"A charming little book. For English readers, Mr. Garnett's translations will open a new world of thought."—WESTMINSTER
REVIEW.

Gilmore.—STORM WARRIORS; OR, LIFE-BOAT WORK
ON THE GOODWIN SANDS. By the Rev. JOHN GILMORE,
M.A., Rector of Holy Trinity, Ramsgate, Author of "The
Ramsgate Life-Boat," in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"The stories, which are said to be literally exact, are more thrilling than anything in fiction. Mr. Gilmore has done a good work as well as written a good book."—DAILY NEWS.

Gray.—THE POETICAL WORKS OF DAVID GRAY. New
and Enlarged Edition. Edited by HENRY GLASSFORD BELL, late
Sheriff of Lanarkshire. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Guesses at Truth.—By TWO BROTHERS. With Vignette Title and Frontispiece. New Edition, with Memoir. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. Also see Golden Treasury Series.

Halifax.—AFTER LONG YEARS. By M. C. HALIFAX. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

"A story of very unusual merit. The entire story is well conceived, well written, and well carried out; and the reader will look forward with pleasure to meeting this clever author again."—DAILY NEWS. "This is a very pretty, simple love story. . . . The author possesses a very graceful, womanly pen, and tells the story with a rare tender simplicity which well befits it."—STANDARD.

Hamerton.—A PAINTER'S CAMP. Second Edition, revised. Extra fcap. 8vo. 6s.

BOOK I. *In England*; BOOK II. *In Scotland*; BOOK III. *In France*. "These pages, written with infinite spirit and humour, bring into close rooms, back upon tired heads, the breezy airs of Lancashire moors and Highland lochs, with a freshness which no recent novelist has succeeded in preserving."—NONCONFORMIST.

Harbour Bar (The).—A TALE OF SCOTTISH LIFE. Two Vols. Crown 8vo. 21s.

"The author has a great many of the qualifications of a novelist. A keen eye for the picturesque and a power of close observation are indicated in this very life-like picture of fisher-life on the north-east coast of Scotland."—ATHENÆUM.

Heaton.—HAPPY SPRING TIME. Illustrated by OSCAR PLETSCH. With Rhymes for Mothers and Children. By MRS. CHARLES HEATON. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, gilt edges. 3s. 6d.

"The pictures in this book are capital."—ATHENÆUM.

Hervey.—DUKE ERNEST, a Tragedy; and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

"Conceived in pure taste and true historic feeling, and presented with much dramatic force. . . . Thoroughly original."—BRITISH QUARTERLY.

Higginson.—MALBONE: An Oldport Romance. By T. W. HIGGINSON. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The DAILY NEWS says: "Who likes a quiet story, full of mature thought, of clear, humorous surprises, of artistic studious design? 'Malbone' is a rare work, possessing these characteristics, and replete, too, with honest literary effort."

Hillside Rhymes.—Extra fcap. 8vo. 5s.

Home.—BLANCHE LISLE, and other Poems. By CECIL HOME. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Hood (Tom).—THE PLEASANT TALE OF PUSS AND ROBIN AND THEIR FRIENDS, KITTY AND BOB. Told in Pictures by L. FRÖLICH, and in Rhymes by TOM HOOD. Crown 8vo. gilt. 3s. 6d.

"The volume is prettily got up, and is sure to be a favourite in the nursery."—SCOTSMAN. "Herr Frölich has outdone himself in his pictures of this dramatic chase."—MORNING POST.

Keary (A.)—Works by Miss A. KEARY:—

JANET'S HOME. New Edition. Globe 8vo. 2s. 6d.

"Never did a more charming family appear upon the canvas; and most skilfully and felicitously have their characters been portrayed. Each individual of the fireside is a finished portrait, distinct and lifelike. . . . The future before her as a novelist is that of becoming the Miss Austin of her generation."—SUN.

CLEMENCY FRANKLYN. New Edition. Globe 8vo. 2s. 6d.

"Full of wisdom and goodness, simple, truthful, and artistic. . . . It is capital as a story; better still in its pure tone and wholesome influence."—GLOBE.

OLDBURY. Three vols. Crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

"This is a very powerfully written story."—GLOBE. "This is a really excellent novel."—ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. "The sketches of society in Oldbury are excellent. The pictures of child life are full of truth."—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

Keary (A. and E.)—Works by A. and E. KEARY:—

THE LITTLE WANDERLIN, and other Fairy Tales. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

"The tales are fanciful and well written, and they are sure to win favour amongst little readers."—ATHENÆUM.

THE HEROES OF ASGARD. Tales from Scandinavian Mythology. New and Revised Edition, Illustrated by HUARD. Extra fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

"Told in a light and amusing style, which, in its drollery and quaintness, reminds us of our old favourite Grimm."—TIMES.

Kingsley.—Works by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M.A., Rector of Eversley, and Canon of Westminster:—

"**WESTWARD HO!**" or, The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh. Ninth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE calls it "almost the best historical novel of the day."

TWO YEARS AGO. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"Mr. Kingsley has provided us all along with such pleasant diversions—such rich and brightly tinted glimpses of natural history, such suggestive remarks on mankind, society, and all sorts of topics, that amidst the pleasure of the way, the circuit to be made will be by most forgotten."—GUARDIAN.

HYPATIA; or, New Foes with an Old Face. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

HEREWARD THE WAKE—LAST OF THE ENGLISH. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

YEAST: A Problem. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

ALTON LOCKE. New Edition. With a New Preface. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Kingsley (C.)—continued.

The author shows, to quote the SPECTATOR, "what it is that constitutes the true Christian, God-fearing, man-living gentleman."

THE WATER BABIES. A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby. New Edition, with additional Illustrations by Sir NOEL PATON, R.S.A., and P. SKELTON. Crown 8vo. cloth, extra gilt. 5s.

"In fun, in humour, and in innocent imagination, as a child's book we do not know its equal."—LONDON REVIEW. *"Mr. Kingsley must have the credit of revealing to us a new order of life. . . . There is in the 'Water Babies' an abundance of wit, fun, good humour, geniality, élan, go."*—TIMES.

THE HEROES; or, Greek Fairy Tales for my Children. With Coloured Illustrations. New Edition. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

"We do not think these heroic stories have ever been more attractively told. . . . There is a deep under-current of religious feeling traceable throughout its pages which is sure to influence young readers powerfully."—LONDON REVIEW. *"One of the children's books that will surely become a classic."*—NONCONFORMIST.

PHAETHON; or, Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s.

"The dialogue of 'Phaethon' has striking beauties, and its suggestions may meet half-way many a latent doubt, and, like a light breeze, lift from the soul clouds that are gathering heavily, and threatening to settle down in misty gloom on the summer of many a fair and promising young life."—SPECTATOR.

POEMS; including The Saint's Tragedy, Andromeda, Songs, Ballads, etc. Complete Collected Edition. Extra fcap. 8vo. 6s. The SPECTATOR calls "Andromeda" *"the finest piece of English hexameter verse that has ever been written. It is a volume which many readers will be glad to possess."*

PROSE IDYLLS. NEW AND OLD. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

CONTENTS:—*A Charm of Birds; Chalk-Stream Studies; The Fens; My Winter-Garden; From Ocean to Sea; North Devon.*

"Altogether a delightful book. . . . It exhibits the author's best traits, and cannot fail to infect the reader with a love of nature and of out-door life and its enjoyments. It is well calculated to bring a gleam of summer with its pleasant associations, into the bleak winter-time; while a better companion for a summer ramble could hardly be found."—BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Kingsley (H.)—Works by HENRY KINGSLEY:—

TALES OF OLD TRAVEL. Re-narrated. With Eight full-page Illustrations by HUARD. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. cloth, extra gilt. 5s.

"We know no better book for those who want knowledge or seek to refresh it. As for the 'sensational,' most novels are tame compared with these narratives."—ATHENÆUM. *"Exactly the book to interest and to do good to intelligent and high-spirited boys."*—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

Kingsley (H.)—*continued.*

THE LOST CHILD. With Eight Illustrations by FRÖLICH. Crown 4to. cloth gilt. 3s. 6d.

"A pathetic story, and told so as to give children an interest in Australian ways and scenery."—GLOBE. "Very charmingly and very touchingly told."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

OAKSHOTT CASTLE. 3 Vols. Crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

"No one who takes up 'Oakshott Castle' will willingly put it down until the last page is turned. . . . It may fairly be considered a capital story, full of go, and abounding in word pictures of storms and wrecks."—OBSERVER.

Knatchbull-Hugessen.—Works by E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, M.P. :—

Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen has won for himself a reputation as a teller of fairy-tales. "His powers," says the TIMES, "are of a very high order; light and brilliant narrative flows from his pen, and is fed by an invention as graceful as it is inexhaustible." "Children reading his stories," the SCOTSMAN says, "or hearing them read, will have their minds refreshed and invigorated as much as their bodies would be by abundance of fresh air and exercise."

STORIES FOR MY CHILDREN. With Illustrations. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

"The stories are charming, and full of life and fun."—STANDARD. "The author has an imagination as fanciful as Grimm himself, while some of his stories are superior to anything that Hans Christian Andersen has written."—NONCONFORMIST.

CRACKERS FOR CHRISTMAS. More Stories. With Illustrations by JELlicoe and ELWES. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

"A fascinating little volume, which will make him friends in every household in which there are children."—DAILY NEWS.

MOONSHINE: Fairy Tales. With Illustrations by W. BRUNTON. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. cloth gilt. 5s.

"A volume of fairy tales, written not only for ungrown children, but for bigger, and if you are nearly worn out, or sick, or sorry, you will find it good reading."—GRAPHIC. "The most charming volume of fairy tales which we have ever read. . . . We cannot quit this very pleasant book without a word of praise to its illustrator. Mr. Brunton from first to last has done admirably."—TIMES.

TALES AT TEA-TIME. Fairy Stories. With Seven Illustrations by W. BRUNTON. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. cloth gilt. 5s.

"Capitally illustrated by W. Brunton. . . . In frolic and fancy they are quite equal to his other books. The author knows how to write fairy stories as they should be written. The whole book is full of the most delightful drolleries."—TIMES.

QUEER FOLK. FAIRY STORIES. Illustrated by S. E. WALLER. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth gilt. 5s.

"Decidedly the author's happiest effort. . . . One of the best story books of the year."—HOUR.

Knatchbull-Hugessen (Louisa).—THE HISTORY OF PRINCE PERRY PETS. A Fairy Tale. By LOUISA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN. With Eight Illustrations by WEIGAND. New Edition. Crown 4to. cloth gilt. 3s. 6d.

"A grand and exciting fairy tale."—MORNING POST. "A delicious piece of fairy nonsense."—ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

Knox.—SONGS OF CONSOLATION. By ISA CRAIG KNOX. Extra fcap. 8vo. Cloth extra, gilt edges. 4s. 6d.

"The verses are truly sweet; there is in them not only much genuine poetic quality, but an ardent, flowing devotedness, and a peculiar skill in propounding theological tenets in the most graceful way, which any divine might envy."—SCOTSMAN.

Latham.—SERTUM SHAKSPERIANUM, Subnexis aliquot aliunde excerptis floribus. Latine reddidit Rev. H. LATHAM, M.A. Extra fcap. 8vo. 5s.

Lemon.—THE LEGENDS OF NUMBER NIP. By MARK LEMON. With Illustrations by C. KEENE. New Edition. Extra fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Life and Times of Conrad the Squirrel. A Story for Children. By the Author of "Wandering Willie," "Effie's Friends," &c. With a Frontispiece by R. FARREN. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"Having commenced on the first page, we were compelled to go on to the conclusion, and this we predict will be the case with every one who opens the book."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Little Estella, and other FAIRY TALES FOR THE YOUNG. 18mo. cloth extra. 2s. 6d.

"This is a fine story, and we thank heaven for not being too wise to enjoy it."—DAILY NEWS.

Lowell.—Works by J. Russell LOWELL:—

AMONG MY BOOKS. Six Essays. Dryden—Witchcraft—Shakespeare once More—New England Two Centuries Ago—Lessing—Rousseau and the Sentimentalists. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"We may safely say the volume is one of which our chief complaint must be that there is not more of it. There are good sense and lively feeling forcibly and tersely expressed in every page of his writing."

—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. With Portrait, engraved by Jeens. 18mo. cloth extra. 4s. 6d.

"All readers who are able to recognise and appreciate genuine verse will give a glad welcome to this beautiful little volume."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Lyttelton.—Works by LORD LYTTELTON:—

THE "COMUS" OF MILTON, rendered into Greek Verse. Extra fcap. 8vo. 5s.

THE "SAMSON AGONISTES" OF MILTON, rendered into Greek Verse. Extra fcap. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

"Classical in spirit, full of force, and true to the original."
—GUARDIAN.

Macdonell.—FOR THE KING'S DUES. By AGNES MACDONELL, Author of "Martin's Vineyard." Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.
"It is rarely that so pleasant and unaffected piece of fiction finds its way into the reviewer's hands."—COURT CIRCULAR. "It is bright, pleasant, and wholesome. . . An exceedingly tender, natural, and fascinating little love story."—MORNING POST.

Maclaren.—THE FAIRY FAMILY. A series of Ballads and Metrical Tales illustrating the Fairy Mythology of Europe. By ARCHIBALD MACLAREN. With Frontispiece, Illustrated Title, and Vignette. Crown 8vo. gilt. 5s.
"A successful attempt to translate into the vernacular some of the Fairy Mythology of Europe. The verses are very good. There is no shirking difficulties of rhyme, and the ballad metre which is oftenest employed has a great deal of the kind of 'go' which we find so seldom outside the pages of Scott. The book is of permanent value."—GUARDIAN.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Published Monthly. Price 1s. Volumes I. to XXX. are now ready. 7s. 6d. each.

Macquoid.—PATTY. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. Third and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.
"A book to be read."—STANDARD. "A powerful and fascinating story."—DAILY TELEGRAPH. The GLOBE considers it "well-written, amusing, and interesting, and has the merit of being out of the ordinary run of novels."

Maguire.—YOUNG PRINCE MARIGOLD, AND OTHER FAIRY STORIES. By the late JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M.P. Illustrated by S. E. WALLER. Globe 8vo. gilt. 4s. 6d.
"The author has evidently studied the ways and tastes of children and got at the secret of amusing them; and has succeeded in what is not so easy a task as it may seem—in producing a really good children's book."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Marlitt (E.).—THE COUNTESS GISELA. Translated from the German of E. MARLITT. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
"A very beautiful story of German country life."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

Masson (Professor).—Works by DAVID MASSON, M.A., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh.

BRITISH NOVELISTS AND THEIR STYLES. Being a Critical Sketch of the History of British Prose Fiction. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

WORDSWORTH, SHELLEY, KEATS, AND OTHER ESSAYS. Crown 8vo. 5s.

CHATTERTON: A Story of the Year 1770. Crown 8vo. 5s.

THE THREE DEVILS: LUTHER'S, MILTON'S, and GOETHE'S; and other Essays. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Mazini.—IN THE GOLDEN SHELL; A Story of Palermo. By LINDA MAZINI. With Illustrations. Globe 8vo. cloth gilt. 4s. 6d.

"As beautiful and bright and fresh as the scenes to which it wafts us over the blue Mediterranean, and as pure and innocent, but piquant and sprightly as the little girl who plays the part of its heroine, is this admirable little book."—ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

Merivale.—KEATS' HYPERION, rendered into Latin Verse. By C. MERRIVALE, B.D. Second Edition. Extra fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Milner.—THE LILY OF LUMLEY. By EDITH MILNER. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"The novel is a good one and decidedly worth the reading."—EXAMINER. "A pretty, brightly-written story."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN. "A tale possessing the deepest interest."—COURT JOURNAL.

Milton's Poetical Works.—Edited with Text collated from the best Authorities, with Introduction and Notes by DAVID MASSON. Three vols. 8vo. With Three Portraits engraved by C. H. JEENS and RADCLIFFE. (Uniform with the Cambridge Shakespeare.)

Mistral (F.)—MIRELLE, a Pastoral Epic of Provence. Translated by H. CRICHTON. Extra fcap. 8vo. 6s.

"It would be hard to overpraise the sweetness and pleasing freshness of this charming epic."—ATHENÆUM. "A good translation of a poem that deserves to be known by all students of literature and friends of old-world simplicity in story-telling."—NONCONFORMIST.

Mitford (A. B.)—TALES OF OLD JAPAN. By A. B. MITFORD, Second Secretary to the British Legation in Japan. With Illustrations drawn and cut on Wood by Japanese Artists. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"They will always be interesting as memorials of a most exceptional society; while, regarded simply as tales, they are sparkling, sensational, and dramatic, and the originality of their ideas and the quaintness of their language give them a most captivating piquancy. The illustrations are extremely interesting, and for the curious in such matters have a special and particular value."—PALM MALL GAZETTE.

Mr. Pisistratus Brown, M.P., IN THE HIGHLANDS. New Edition, with Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"The book is calculated to recall pleasant memories of holidays well spent, and scenes not easily to be forgotten. To those who have never been in the Western Highlands, or sailed along the Frith of Clyde and on the Western Coast, it will seem almost like a fairy story. There is a charm in the volume which makes it anything

but easy for a reader who has opened it to put it down until the last page has been read."—SCOTSMAN.

Mrs. Jerningham's Journal. A Poem purporting to be the Journal of a newly-married Lady. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"It is nearly a perfect gem. We have had nothing so good for a long time, and those who neglect to read it are neglecting one of the jewels of contemporary history."—EDINBURGH DAILY REVIEW. *"One quality in the piece, sufficient of itself to claim a moment's attention, is that it is unique—original, indeed, is not too strong a word—in the manner of its conception and execution."*

—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Mudie.—STRAY LEAVES. By C. E. MUDIE. New Edition. Extra fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Contents:—"His and Mine"—"Night and Day"—"One of Many," &c.

This little volume consists of a number of poems, mostly of a genuinely devotional character. "They are for the most part so exquisitely sweet and delicate as to be quite a marvel of composition. They are worthy of being laid up in the recesses of the heart, and recalled to memory from time to time."—ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

Murray.—THE BALLADS AND SONGS OF SCOTLAND, in View of their Influence on the Character of the People. By J. CLARK MURRAY, LL.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in McGill College, Montreal. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"Independently of the lucidity of the style in which the whole book is written, the selection of the examples alone would recommend it to favour, while the geniality of the criticism upon those examples cannot fail to make them highly appreciated and valued."—MORNING POST.

Myers (Ernest).—THE PURITANS. By ERNEST MYERS. Extra fcap. 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d.

"It is not too much to call it a really grand poem, stately and dignified, and showing not only a high poetic mind, but also great power over poetic expression."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

Myers (F. W. H.).—POEMS. By F. W. H. MYERS. Containing "St. Paul," "St. John," and others. Extra fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

"It is rare to find a writer who combines to such an extent the faculty of communicating feelings with the faculty of euphonious expression."—SPECTATOR. *"St. Paul" stands without a rival as the noblest religious poem which has been written in an age which beyond any other has been prolific in this class of poetry. The sublimest conceptions are expressed in language which, for richness, taste, and purity, we have never seen excelled.*"—JOHN BULL.

Nichol.—HANNIBAL, A HISTORICAL DRAMA. By JOHN NICHOL, B.A. Oxon., Regius Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Glasgow. Extra fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"The poem combines in no ordinary degree firmness and workman-

ship. After the lapse of many centuries, an English poet is found paying to the great Carthaginian the worthiest poetical tribute which has as yet, to our knowledge, been afforded to his noble and stainless name."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Nine Years Old.—By the Author of "St. Olave's," "When I was a Little Girl," &c. Illustrated by FRÖLICH. Third Edition. Extra fcap. 8vo. cloth gilt. 4s. 6d.

It is believed that this story, by the favourably known author of "St. Olave's," will be found both highly interesting and instructive to the young. The volume contains eight graphic illustrations by Mr. L. Frölich. The EXAMINER says: "Whether the readers are nine years old, or twice, or seven times as old, they must enjoy this pretty volume."

Noel.—BEATRICE, AND OTHER POEMS. By the Hon. RODEN NOEL. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

"It is impossible to read the poem through without being powerfully moved. There are passages in it which for intensity and tenderness, clear and vivid vision, spontaneous and delicate sympathy, may be compared with the best efforts of our best living writers."—SPECTATOR.

Norton.—Works by the Hon. Mrs. NORTON :—

THE LADY OF LA GARAYE. With Vignette and Frontispiece. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

"Full of thought well expressed, and may be classed among her best efforts."—TIMES.

OLD SIR DOUGLAS. Cheap Edition. Globe 8vo. 2s. 6d.

"This varied and lively novel—this clever novel so full of character, and of fine incidental remark."—SCOTSMAN. *"One of the pleasantest and healthiest stories of modern fiction."*—GLOBE.

Oliphant.—Works by Mrs. OLIPHANT :—

AGNES HOPETOUN'S SCHOOLS AND HOLIDAYS. New Edition with Illustrations. Royal 16mo. gilt leaves. 4s. 6d.

"There are few books of late years more fitted to touch the heart, purify the feeling, and quicken and sustain right principles."—

NONCONFORMIST. *"A more gracefully written story it is impossible to desire."*—DAILY NEWS.

A SON OF THE SOIL. New Edition. Globe 8vo. 2s. 6d.

"It is a very different work from the ordinary run of novels. The whole life of a man is portrayed in it, worked out with subtlety and insight."—ATHENÆUM.

Our Year. A Child's Book, in Prose and Verse. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated by CLARENCE DOBELL. Royal 16mo. 3s. 6d.

"It is just the book we could wish to see in the hands of every child."—ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.

Olrig Grange. Edited by HERMANN KUNST, Philol. Professor. Extra fcap. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

"A masterly and original power of impression, pouring itself forth in clear, sweet, strong rhythm. . . . It is a fine poem, full of life, of music and of clear vision."—NORTH BRITISH DAILY MAIL.

Oxford Spectator, The.—Reprinted. Extra fcap. 8vo.

3s. 6d.

"There is," the SATURDAY REVIEW says, "all the old fun, the old sense of social ease and brightness and freedom, the old medley of work and indolence, of jest and earnest, that made Oxford life so picturesque."

Palgrave.—Works by FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford:—

THE FIVE DAYS' ENTERTAINMENTS AT WENTWORTH GRANGE. A Book for Children. With Illustrations by ARTHUR HUGHES, and Engraved Title-page by JEENS. Small 4to. cloth extra. 6s.

"If you want a really good book for both sexes and all ages, buy this, as handsome a volume of tales as you'll find in all the market."—ATHENÆUM. "Exquisite both in form and substance."—GUARDIAN.

LYRICAL POEMS. Extra fcap. 8vo. 6s.

"A volume of pure quiet verse, sparkling with tender melodies, and alive with thoughts of genuine poetry. . . . Turn where we will throughout the volume, we find traces of beauty, tenderness, and truth; true poet's work, touched and refined by the master-hand of a real artist, who shows his genius even in trifles."—STANDARD.

ORIGINAL HYMNS. Third Edition, enlarged, 18mo. 1s. 6d.

"So choice, so perfect, and so refined, so tender in feeling, and so scholarly in expression, that we look with special interest to everything that he gives us."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

GOLDEN TREASURY OF THE BEST SONGS AND LYRICS.

Edited by F. T. PALGRAVE. See GOLDEN TREASURY SERIES.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS AND SONGS. Edited by F. T.

PALGRAVE. Gem Edition. With Vignette Title by JEENS. 3s. 6d.

"For minute elegance no volume could possibly excel the 'Gem Edition.'"—SCOTSMAN.

Parables.—TWELVE PARABLES OF OUR LORD. Illustrated in Colours from Sketches taken in the East by MCENIRY, with Frontispiece from a Picture by JOHN JELLICOE, and Illuminated Texts and Borders. Royal 4to. in Ornamental Binding. 16s. The TIMES calls it "one of the most beautiful of modern pictorial works;" while the GRAPHIC says "nothing in this style, so good, has ever before been published."

Patmore.—THE CHILDREN'S GARLAND, from the Best Poets. Selected and arranged by COVENTRY PATMORE. New Edition. With Illustrations by J. LAWSON. Crown 8vo. gilt. 6s. Golden Treasury Edition. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

"The charming illustrations added to many of the poems will add greatly to their value in the eyes of children."—DAILY NEWS.

Pember.—THE TRAGEDY OF LESBOS. A Dramatic Poem.

By E. H. PEMBER. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Founded upon the story of Sappho. "He tells his story with dramatic force, and in language that often rises almost to grandeur."—ATHENÆUM.**Poole.—PICTURES OF COTTAGE LIFE IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.** By MARGARET E. POOLE. New and Cheaper Edition. With Frontispiece by R. Farren. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*"Charming stories of peasant life, written in something of George Eliot's style. . . . Her stories could not be other than they are, as literal as truth, as romantic as fiction, full of pathetic touches and strokes of genuine humour. . . . All the stories are studies of actual life, executed with no mean art."*—TIMES.**Population of an Old Pear Tree.** From the French of E. VAN BRUYSEL. Edited by the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." With Illustrations by BECKER. Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. gilt. 4s. 6d.*"This is not a regular book of natural history, but a description of all the living creatures that came and went in a summer's day beneath an old pear tree, observed by eyes that had for the nonce become microscopic, recorded by a pen that finds dramas in everything, and illustrated by a dainty pencil. . . . We can hardly fancy anyone with a moderate turn for the curiosities of insect life, or for delicate French esprit, not being taken by these clever sketches."*—GUARDIAN. *"A whimsical and charming little book."*—ATHENÆUM.**Prince Florestan of Monaco, The Fall of.** By HIMSELF. New Edition, with Illustration and Map. 8vo. cloth. Extra gilt edges, 5s. A French Translation, 5s. Also an Edition for the People. Crown 8vo. 1s.*"Those who have read only the extracts given, will not need to be told how amusing and happily touched it is. Those who read it for other purposes than amusement can hardly miss the sober and sound political lessons with which its light pages abound, and which are as much needed in England as by the nation to whom the author directly addresses his moral."*—PALL MALL GAZETTE. *"This little book is very clever, wild with animal spirits, but showing plenty of good sense, amid all the headless nonsense which fills so many of its pages."*—DAILY NEWS. *"In an age little remarkable for powers of political satire, the sparkle of the pages gives them every claim to welcome."*—STANDARD.**Rankine.—SONGS AND FABLES.** By W. J. MCQUORN RANKINE, late Professor of Civil Engineering and Mechanics at Glasgow. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.**Realmah.—**By the Author of "Friends in Council." Crown 8vo. 6s.**Rhoades.—POEMS.** By JAMES RHOADES. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Richardson.—THE ILIAD OF THE EAST. A Selection of Legends drawn from Valmiki's Sanskrit Poem, "The Ramayana." By FREDERIKA RICHARDSON. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"It is impossible to read it without recognising the value and interest of the Eastern epic. It is as fascinating as a fairy tale, this romantic poem of India."—GLOBE. "A charming volume, which at once enmeshes the reader in its snares."—ATHENÆUM.

Roby.—STORY OF A HOUSEHOLD, AND OTHER POEMS. By MARY K. ROBY. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

Rogers.—Works by J. E. ROGERS :—

RIDICULA REDIVIVA. Old Nursery Rhymes. Illustrated in Colours, with Ornamental Cover. Crown 4to. 3s. 6d.

"The most splendid, and at the same time the most really meritorious of the books specially intended for children, that we have seen."—

SPECTATOR. "These large bright pictures will attract children to really good and honest artistic work, and that ought not to be an indifferent consideration with parents who propose to educate their children."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

MORES RIDICULI. Old Nursery Rhymes. Illustrated in Colours, with Ornamental Cover. Crown 4to. 3s. 6d.

"These world-old rhymes have never had and need never wish for a better pictorial setting than Mr. Rogers has given them."—

TIMES. "Nothing could be quaintier or more absurdly comical than most of the pictures, which are all carefully executed and beautifully coloured."—GLOBE.

Rossetti.—Works by CHRISTINA ROSSETTI :—

GOBLIN MARKET, AND OTHER POEMS. With two Designs by D. G. ROSSETTI. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

"She handles her little marvel with that rare poetic discrimination which neither exhausts it of its simple wonders by pushing symbolism too far, nor keeps those wonders in the merely fabulous and capricious stage. In fact, she has produced a true children's poem, which is far more delightful to the mature than to children, though it would be delightful to all."—SPECTATOR.

SPEAKING LIKENESSES. Illustrated by ARTHUR HUGHES. Crown 8vo. gilt edges. 4s. 6d.

"Certain to be a delight to many a juvenile fireside circle."—MORNING POST.

Runaway (The). A Story for the Young. By the Author of "Mrs. Jermingham's Journal." With Illustrations by J. LAWSON. Globe 8vo. gilt. 4s. 6d.

"This is one of the best, if not indeed the very best, of all the stories that has come before us this Christmas. The heroines are both charming, and, unlike heroines, they are as full of fun as of charms. It is an admirable book to read aloud to the young folk when they are all gathered round the fire, and nurses and other apparitions are still far away."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ruth and her Friends. A Story for Girls. With a Frontispiece. Fourth Edition. 18mo. Cloth extra. 2s. 6d.

"We wish all the school girls and home-taught girls in the land had the opportunity of reading it."—NONCONFORMIST.

Scouring of the White Horse; or, the Long VACATION RAMBLE OF A LONDON CLERK. Illustrated by DOYLE. Imp. 16mo. Cheaper Issue. 3s. 6d.

Shairp (Principal).—KILMAHOE, a Highland Pastoral, with other Poems. By JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, Principal of the United College, St. Andrews. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

"Kilmahoe is a Highland Pastoral, redolent of the warm soft air of the western lochs and moors, sketched out with remarkable grace and picturesqueness."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Shakespeare.—The Works of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Cambridge Edition. Edited by W. GEORGE CLARK, M.A. and W. ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A. Nine vols. 8vo. cloth. 4l. 14s. 6d.

The GUARDIAN calls it an "excellent, and, to the student, almost indispensable edition;" and the EXAMINER calls it "an unrivalled edition."

Shakespeare's Tempest. Edited with Glossarial and Explanatory Notes, by the Rev. J. M. JEPHSON. New Edition. 18mo. 1s.

Slip (A) in the Fens.—Illustrated by the Author. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"An artistic little volume, for every page is a picture."—TIMES. "It will be read with pleasure, and with a pleasure that is altogether innocent."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Smith.—POEMS. By CATHERINE BARNARD SMITH. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

Smedley.—TWO DRAMATIC POEMS. By MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY, Author of "Lady Grace," &c. Extra fcap. 8vo. 6s.

"A really beautiful drama."—ATHENÆUM.

Smith (Rev. Walter).—HYMNS OF CHRIST AND THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. By the Rev. WALTER C. SMITH, M.A. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

"These are among the sweetest sacred poems we have read for a long time. With no profuse imagery, expressing a range of feeling and expression by no means uncommon, they are true and elevated, and their pathos is profound and simple."—NONCONFORMIST.

Stanley.—TRUE TO LIFE.—A SIMPLE STORY. By MARY STANLEY. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

"For many a long day we have not met with a more simple, healthy, and unpretending story."—STANDARD.

Stephen (C. E.)—THE SERVICE OF THE POOR; being an Inquiry into the Reasons for and against the Establishment of

Religious Sisterhoods for Charitable Purposes. By CAROLINE EMILIA STEPHEN. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d.

"It touches incidentally and with much wisdom and tenderness on so many of the relations of women, particularly of single women, with society, that it may be read with advantage by many who have never thought of entering a Sisterhood."—SPECTATOR.

Stephens (J. B.)—CONVICT ONCE. A Poem. By J. BRUNTON STEPHENS. Extra fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"It is as far more interesting than ninety-nine novels out of a hundred, as it is superior to them in power, worth, and beauty. We should most strongly advise everybody to read 'Convict Once.'"
—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

Streets and Lanes of a City: Being the Reminiscences of AMY DUTTON. With a Preface by the BISHOP OF SALISBURY. Second and Cheaper Edition. Globe 8vo. 2s. 6d.

"One of the most really striking books that has ever come before us."
—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

Strivelyne.—THE PRINCESS OF SILVERLAND; and other Tales. By ELSIE STRIVELYNE. With Frontispiece by Sir NOEL PATON. Globe 8vo. gilt. 4s.

"Delightfully fresh and original."—GRAPHIC.

"Readable and pleasant."—ATHENÆUM.

Thring.—SCHOOL SONGS. A Collection of Songs for Schools. With the Music arranged for four Voices. Edited by the Rev. E. THRING and H. RICCIUS. Folio. 7s. 6d.

Tom Brown's School Days.—By AN OLD BOY.

Golden Treasury Edition, 4s. 6d. People's Edition, 2s.

With Seven Illustrations by A. HUGHES and SYDNEY HALL. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"The most famous boy's book in the language."—DAILY NEWS.

Tom Brown at Oxford.—New Edition. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"In no other work that we can call to mind are the finer qualities of the English gentleman more happily portrayed."—DAILY NEWS.

"A book of great power and truth."—NATIONAL REVIEW.

Trench.—Works by R. CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. (For other Works by this Author, see THEOLOGICAL, HISTORICAL, and PHILOSOPHICAL CATALOGUES.)

POEMS. Collected and arranged anew. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

ELEGIAC POEMS. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

CALDERON'S LIFE'S A DREAM: The Great Theatre of the World. With an Essay on his Life and Genius. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF ENGLISH POETRY. Selected and arranged, with Notes, by Archbishop TRENCH. Second Edition. Extra fcap. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

"The Archbishop has conferred in this delightful volume an important

Trench (Archbishop)—*continued.*

gift on the whole English-speaking population of the world."—
PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SACRED LATIN POETRY, Chiefly Lyrical. Selected and arranged for Use. By Archbishop TRENCH. Third Edition, Corrected and Improved. Fcap. 8vo. 7s.

JUSTIN MARTYR, AND OTHER POEMS. Fifth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

Trollope (Anthony).—**SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE**. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Framley Parsonage," etc. Cheap Edition. Globe 8vo. 2s. 6d. *The ATHENÆUM remarks: "No reader who begins to read this book is likely to lay it down until the last page is turned. This brilliant novel appears to us decidedly more successful than any other of Mr. Trollope's shorter stories."*

Turner.—Works by the Rev. CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER :—**SONNETS**. Dedicated to his Brother, the Poet Laureate. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

SMALL TABLEAUX. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Tyrwhitt.—**OUR SKETCHING CLUB**. Letters and Studies on Landscape Art. By Rev. R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT, M.A. With an Authorized Reproduction of the Lessons and Woodcuts in Professor Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing." Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Under the Limes.—By the Author of "Christina North." Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"One of the prettiest and best told stories which it has been our good fortune to read for a long time."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Vittoria Colonna.—**LIFE AND POEMS**. By MRS. HENRY ROSCOE. Crown 8vo. 9s.

Waller.—**SIX WEEKS IN THE SADDLE : A Painter's Journal in Iceland**. By S. E. WALLER. Illustrated by the Author. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"An exceedingly pleasant and naturally written little book. . . Mr. Waller has a clever pencil, and the text is well illustrated with his own sketches."—TIMES.

Wandering Willie. By the Author of "Effie's Friends," and "John Hatherton." Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"This is an idyll of rare truth and beauty. . . . The story is simple and touching, the style of extraordinary delicacy, precision, and picturesqueness. . . . A charming gift-book for young ladies not yet promoted to novels, and will amply repay those of their elders who may give an hour to its perusal."—DAILY NEWS.

Webster.—Works by AUGUSTA WEBSTER :—

"If Mrs. Webster only remains true to herself, she will assuredly

Webster—*continued.*

take a higher rank as a poet than any woman has yet done."—
WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

DRAMATIC STUDIES. Extra fcap. 8vo. 5s.

"A volume as strongly marked by perfect taste as by poetic power."—
NONCONFORMIST.

A WOMAN SOLD, AND OTHER POEMS. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"Mrs. Webster has shown us that she is able to draw admirably from the life; that she can observe with subtility, and render her observations with delicacy; that she can impersonate complex conceptions and venture into which few living writers can follow her."—
—GUARDIAN.

PORTRAITS. Second Edition. Extra fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"Mrs. Webster's poems exhibit simplicity and tenderness . . . her taste is perfect . . . This simplicity is combined with a subtility of thought, feeling, and observation which demand that attention which only real lovers of poetry are apt to bestow."—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

PROMETHEUS BOUND OF ÆSCHYLUS. Literally translated into English Verse. Extra fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"Closeness and simplicity combined with literary skill."—**ATHENÆUM.** "Mrs. Webster's 'Dramatic Studies' and 'Translation of Prometheus' have won for her an honourable place among our female poets. She writes with remarkable vigour and dramatic realisation, and bids fair to be the most successful claimant of Mrs. Browning's mantle."—**BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.**

MEDEA OF EURIPIDES. Literally translated into English Verse. Extra fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"Mrs. Webster's translation surpasses our utmost expectations. It is a photograph of the original without any of that harshness which so often accompanies a photograph."—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

THE AUSPICIOUS DAY. A Dramatic Poem. Extra fcap. 8vo. 5s.

"The 'Auspicious Day' shows a marked advance, not only in art, but, in what is of far more importance, in breadth of thought and intellectual grasp."—WESTMINSTER REVIEW. "This drama is a manifestation of high dramatic power on the part of the gifted writer, and entitled to our warmest admiration, as a worthy piece of work."—**STANDARD.**

YU-PE-YA'S LUTE. A Chinese Tale in English Verse. Extra fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"A very charming tale, charmingly told in dainty verse, with occasional lyrics of tender beauty."—**STANDARD.** "We close the book with the renewed conviction that in Mrs. Webster we have a profound and original poet. The book is marked not by mere sweetness of melody—rare as that gift is—but by the infinitely rarer gifts of dramatic power, of passion, and sympathetic insight."—
—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

When I was a Little Girl. STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

By the Author of "St. Olave's." Fourth Edition. Extra fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. With Eight Illustrations by L. FRÖLICH.

"At the head, and a long way ahead, of all books for girls, we place 'When I was a Little Girl.'"—TIMES. "It is one of the choicest morsels of child-biography which we have met with."—NONCONFORMIST.

White.—RHYMES BY WALTER WHITE. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Whittier.—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER'S POETICAL WORKS. Complete Edition, with Portrait engraved by C. H. JEENS. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

"Mr. Whittier has all the smooth melody and the pathos of the author of 'Hiawatha,' with a greater nicety of description and a quainter fancy."—GRAPHIC.

Wolf.—THE LIFE AND HABITS OF WILD ANIMALS.

Twenty Illustrations by JOSEPH WOLF, engraved by J. W. and E. WHYMPER. With descriptive Letter-press, by D. G. ELLIOT, F.L.S. Super royal 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges. 21s.

This is the last series of drawings which will be made by Mr. Wolf, either upon wood or stone. The PALL MALL GAZETTE says: "The fierce, untameable side of brute nature has never received a more robust and vigorous interpretation, and the various incidents in which particular character is shown are set forth with rare dramatic power. For excellence that will endure, we incline to place this very near the top of the list of Christmas books." And the ART JOURNAL observes, "Rarely, if ever, have we seen animal life more forcibly and beautifully depicted than in this really splendid volume."

Also, an Edition in royal folio, handsomely bound in Morocco elegant, Proofs before Letters, each Proof signed by the Engravers. Price 8l. 8s.

Wollaston.—LYRA DEVONIENSIS. By T. V. WOLLASTON, M.A. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"It is the work of a man of refined taste, of deep religious sentiment, a true artist, and a good Christian."—CHURCH TIMES.

Woolner.—MY BEAUTIFUL LADY. By THOMAS WOOLNER. With a Vignette by ARTHUR HUGHES. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

"No man can read this poem without being struck by the fitness and finish of the workmanship, so to speak, as well as by the chastened and unpretending loftiness of thought which pervades the whole."—GLOBE.

Words from the Poets. Selected by the Editor of "Rays of Sunlight." With a Vignette and Frontispiece. 18mo. limp, 1s.

"The selection aims at popularity, and deserves it."—GUARDIAN.

Yonge (C. M.)—Works by CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE. Twentieth Edition. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Yonge (C. M.)—*continued.*

HEARTSEASE. Thirteenth Edition. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE DAISY CHAIN. Twelfth Edition. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE TRIAL: MORE LINKS OF THE DAISY CHAIN. Twelfth Edition. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

DYNEVOR TERRACE. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

HOPES AND FEARS. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE YOUNG STEPMOTHER. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

CLEVER WOMAN OF THE FAMILY. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"We think the authoress of 'The Heir of Redclyffe' has surpassed her previous efforts in this illuminated chronicle of the olden time."

—BRITISH QUARTERLY.

THE CAGED LION. Illustrated. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"Prettily and tenderly written, and will with young people especially be a great favourite."—DAILY NEWS. *"Everybody should read this."*—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS; OR, THE WHITE AND BLACK RIBAUMONT. Crown 8vo. 6s. New Edition.

"Miss Yonge has brought a lofty aim as well as high art to the construction of a story which may claim a place among the best efforts in historical romance."—MORNING POST. *"The plot, in truth, is of the very first order of merit."*—SPECTATOR. *"We have seldom read a more charming story."*—GUARDIAN.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAGE. A Tale of the Last Crusade. Illustrated. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

"A tale which, we are sure, will give pleasure to many others besides the young people for whom it is specially intended. . . . This extremely prettily-told story does not require the guarantee afforded by the name of the author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe' on the title-page to ensure its becoming a universal favourite."—DUBLIN EVENING MAIL.

THE LANCES OF LYNWOOD. New Edition, with Coloured Illustrations. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

"The illustrations are very spirited and rich in colour, and the story can hardly fail to charm the youthful reader."—MANCHESTER EXAMINER.

THE LITTLE DUKE: RICHARD THE FEARLESS. New Edition. Illustrated. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

A STOREHOUSE OF STORIES. First and Second Series. Globe 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

CONTENTS OF FIRST SERIES:—History of Philip Quarll—Goody Twoshoes—The Governess—Jemima Placid—The Perambu-

When I was a Little Girl. STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

By the Author of "St. Olave's." Fourth Edition. Extra fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. With Eight Illustrations by L. FRÖLICH.

"At the head, and a long way ahead, of all books for girls, we place 'When I was a Little Girl.'"—TIMES. "It is one of the choicest morsels of child-biography which we have met with."—NONCONFORMIST.

White.—RHYMES BY WALTER WHITE. 8vo. 7s. 6d.**Whittier.**—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER'S POETICAL WORKS. Complete Edition, with Portrait engraved by C. H. JRENS. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

"Mr. Whittier has all the smooth melody and the pathos of the author of 'Hiawatha,' with a greater nicety of description and a quainter fancy."—GRAPHIC.

Wolf.—THE LIFE AND HABITS OF WILD ANIMALS.

Twenty Illustrations by JOSEPH WOLF, engraved by J. W. and E. WHYMPER. With descriptive Letter-press, by D. G. ELLIOT, F.L.S. Super royal 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges. 21s.

This is the last series of drawings which will be made by Mr. Wolf, either upon wood or stone. The PALL MALL GAZETTE says: "The fierce, untameable side of brute nature has never received a more robust and vigorous interpretation, and the various incidents in which particular character is shown are set forth with rare dramatic power. For excellence that will endure, we incline to place this very near the top of the list of Christmas books." And the ART JOURNAL observes, "Rarely, if ever, have we seen animal life more forcibly and beautifully depicted than in this really splendid volume."

Also, an Edition in royal folio, handsomely bound in Morocco elegant, Proofs before Letters, each Proof signed by the Engravers. Price 8l. 8s.

Wollaston.—LYRA DEVONIENSIS. By T. V. WOLLASTON, M.A. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"It is the work of a man of refined taste, of deep religious sentiment, a true artist, and a good Christian."—CHURCH TIMES.

Woolner.—MY BEAUTIFUL LADY. By THOMAS WOOLNER.

With a Vignette by ARTHUR HUGHES. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

"No man can read this poem without being struck by the fitness and finish of the workmanship, so to speak, as well as by the chastened and unpretending loftiness of thought which pervades the whole."—GLOBE.

Words from the Poets. Selected by the Editor of "Rays

of Sunlight." With a Vignette and Frontispiece. 18mo. limp, 1s. "The selection aims at popularity, and deserves it."—GUARDIAN.

Yonge (C. M.)—Works by CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE. Twentieth Edition. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Yonge (C. M.)—continued.

HEARTSEASE. Thirteenth Edition. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE DAISY CHAIN. Twelfth Edition. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE TRIAL: MORE LINKS OF THE DAISY CHAIN. Twelfth Edition. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

DYNEVOR TERRACE. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

HOPES AND FEARS. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE YOUNG STEPMOTHER. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

CLEVER WOMAN OF THE FAMILY. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"We think the authoress of 'The Heir of Redclyffe' has surpassed her previous efforts in this illuminated chronicle of the olden time."
—BRITISH QUARTERLY.

THE CAGED LION. Illustrated. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"Pretty and tenderly written, and will with young people especially be a great favourite."—DAILY NEWS. *"Everybody should read this."*—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS; OR, THE WHITE AND BLACK RIBAUMONT. Crown 8vo. 6s. New Edition.

"Miss Yonge has brought a lofty aim as well as high art to the construction of a story which may claim a place among the best efforts in historical romance."—MORNING POST. *"The plot, in truth, is of the very first order of merit."*—SPECTATOR. *"We have seldom read a more charming story."*—GUARDIAN.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAGE. A Tale of the Last Crusade. Illustrated. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

"A tale which, we are sure, will give pleasure to many others besides the young people for whom it is specially intended. . . . This extremely prettily-told story does not require the guarantee afforded by the name of the author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe' on the title-page to ensure its becoming a universal favourite."—DUBLIN EVENING MAIL.

THE LANCES OF LYNWOOD. New Edition, with Coloured Illustrations. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

"The illustrations are very spirited and rich in colour, and the story can hardly fail to charm the youthful reader."—MANCHESTER EXAMINER.

THE LITTLE DUKE; RICHARD THE FEARLESS. New Edition. Illustrated. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

A STOREHOUSE OF STORIES. First and Second Series. Globe 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

CONTENTS OF FIRST SERIES:—History of Philip Quarll—Goody Twoshoes—The Governess—Jemima Placid—The Perambu-

Yonge (C. M.)—continued.

lations of a Mouse—The Village School—The Little Queen—
History of Little Jack.

"Miss Yonge has done great service to the infantry of this generation by putting these eleven stories of sage simplicity within their reach."

—BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

CONTENTS OF SECOND SERIES:—Family Stories—Elements of Morality—A Puzzle for a Curious Girl—Blossoms of Morality.

A BOOK OF GOLDEN DEEDS OF ALL TIMES AND ALL COUNTRIES. Gathered and Narrated Anew. New Edition, with Twenty Illustrations by FRÖLICH. Crown 8vo. cloth gilt. 6s. (See also GOLDEN TREASURY SERIES). Cheap Edition. 1s.

"We have seen no prettier gift-book for a long time, and none which, both for its cheapness and the spirit in which it has been compiled, is more deserving of praise."—ATHENÆUM.

LITTLE LUCY'S WONDERFUL GLOBE. Pictured by FRÖLICH, and narrated by CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. Second Edition. Crown 4to. cloth gilt. 6s.

"Lucy's Wonderful Globe" is capital, and will give its youthful readers more idea of foreign countries and customs than any number of books of geography or travel."—GRAPHIC.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY. From ROLLO to EDWARD II. Extra fcap. 8vo. 5s. Second Edition, enlarged. 5s.

A SECOND SERIES. THE WARS IN FRANCE. Extra fcap. 8vo. 5s.

"Instead of dry details," says the NONCONFORMIST, "we have living pictures, faithful, vivid, and striking."

P's AND Q's; OR, THE QUESTION OF PUTTING UPON. With Illustrations by C. O. MURRAY. Second Edition. Globe 8vo. cloth gilt. 4s. 6d.

"One of her most successful little pieces . . . just what a narrative should be, each incident simply and naturally related, no preaching or moralising, and yet the moral coming out most powerfully, and the whole story not too long, or with the least appearance of being spun out."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE; OR, UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE. Second Edition. Four vols. crown 8vo. 20s.

"A domestic story of English professional life, which for sweetness of tone and absorbing interest from first to last has never been rivalled."—STANDARD. *"Miss Yonge has certainly added to her already high reputation by this charming book, which, although in four volumes, is not a single page too long, but keeps the reader's attention fixed to the end. Indeed we are only sorry there is not another volume to come, and part with the Underwood family with sincere regret."*—COURT CIRCULAR.

LADY HESTER; OR, URSULA'S NARRATIVE. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"We shall not anticipate the interest by epitomizing the plot, but we shall only say that readers will find in it all the gracefulness, right feeling, and delicate perception which they have been long accustomed to look for in Miss Yonge's writings."—GUARDIAN.

MACMILLAN'S GOLDEN TREASURY SERIES.

UNIFORMLY printed in 18mo., with Vignette Titles by Sir NOEL PATON, T. WOOLNER, W. HOLMAN HUNT, J. E. MILLAIS, ARTHUR HUGHES, &c. Engraved on Steel by JEENS. Bound in extra cloth, 4s. 6d. each volume. Also kept in morocco and calf bindings.

"Messrs. Macmillan have, in their Golden Treasury Series, especially provided editions of standard works, volumes of selected poetry, and original compositions, which entitle this series to be called classical. Nothing can be better than the literary execution, nothing more elegant than the material workmanship."—BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and LYRICAL POEMS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Selected and arranged, with Notes, by FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

"This delightful little volume, the Golden Treasury, which contains many of the best original lyrical pieces and songs in our language, grouped with care and skill, so as to illustrate each other like the pictures in a well-arranged gallery."—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The Children's Garland from the best Poets. Selected and arranged by COVENTRY PATMORE.

"It includes specimens of all the great masters in the art of poetry, selected with the matured judgment of a man concentrated on obtaining insight into the feelings and tastes of childhood, and desirous to awaken its finest impulses, to cultivate its keenest sensibilities."—MORNING POST.

The Book of Praise. From the Best English Hymn Writers. Selected and arranged by LORD SELBOURNE. *A New and Enlarged Edition.*

"All previous compilations of this kind must undeniably for the present give place to the Book of Praise. . . . The selection has been made throughout with sound judgment and critical taste. The pains involved in this compilation must have been immense, embracing, as it does, every writer of note in this special province of English literature, and ranging over the most widely divergent tracks of religious thought."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Fairy Book ; the Best Popular Fairy Stories. Selected and rendered anew by the Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"*A delightful selection, in a delightful external form ; full of the physical splendour and vast opulence of proper fairy tales.*"—SPECTATOR.

The Ballad Book. A Selection of the Choicest British Ballads. Edited by WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

"*His taste as a judge of old poetry will be found, by all acquainted with the various readings of old English ballads, true enough to justify his undertaking so critical a task.*"—SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Jest Book. The Choicest Anecdotes and Sayings. Selected and arranged by MARK LEMON.

"*The fullest and best jest book that has yet appeared.*"—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bacon's Essays and Colours of Good and Evil. With Notes and Glossarial Index. By W. ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A.

"*The beautiful little edition of Bacon's Essays, now before us, does credit to the taste and scholarship of Mr. Aldis Wright. . . . Is puts the reader in possession of all the essential literary facts and chronology necessary for reading the Essays in connection with Bacon's life and times.*"—SPECTATOR.

The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come. By JOHN BUNYAN.

"*A beautiful and scholarly reprint.*"—SPECTATOR.

The Sunday Book of Poetry for the Young.

Selected and arranged by C. F. ALEXANDER.

"*A well-selected volume of Sacred Poetry.*"—SPECTATOR.

A Book of Golden Deeds of All Times and All Countries. Gathered and narrated anew. By the Author of "THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE."

"*. . . To the young, for whom it is especially intended, as a most interesting collection of thrilling tales well told ; and to their elders, as a useful handbook of reference, and a pleasant one to take up when their wish is to while away a weary half-hour. We have seen no prettier gift-book for a long time.*"—ATHENÆUM.

The Poetical Works of Robert Burns. Edited, with Biographical Memoir, Notes, and Glossary, by ALEXANDER SMITH. Two Vols.

"*Beyond all question this is the most beautiful edition of Burns yet out.*"—EDINBURGH DAILY REVIEW.

The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Edited from the Original Edition by J. W. CLARK, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

"*Mutilated and modified editions of this English classic are so much*

the rule, that a cheap and pretty copy of it, rigidly exact to the original, will be a prize to many book-buyers."—EXAMINER.

The Republic of Plato. TRANSLATED into ENGLISH, with Notes by J. LL. DAVIES, M.A. and D. J. VAUGHAN, M.A.

"A dainty and cheap little edition."—EXAMINER.

The Song Book. Words and Tunes from the best Poets and Musicians. Selected and arranged by JOHN HULLAH, Professor of Vocal Music in King's College, London.

"A choice collection of the sterling songs of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the music of each prefixed to the Words. How much true wholesome pleasure such a book can diffuse, and will diffuse, we trust through many thousand families."—EXAMINER.

La Lyre Française. Selected and arranged, with Notes, by GUSTAVE MASSON, French Master in Harrow School.

A selection of the best French songs and lyrical pieces.

Tom Brown's School Days. By AN OLD BOY.

"A perfect gem of a book. The best and most healthy book about boys for boys that ever was written."—ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

A Book of Worthies. Gathered from the Old Histories and written anew by the Author of "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE." With Vignette.

"An admirable addition to an admirable series."—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

A Book of Golden Thoughts. By HENRY ATTWELL, Knight of the Order of the Oak Crown.

"Mr. Attwell has produced a book of rare value . . . Happily it is small enough to be carried about in the pocket, and of such a companion it would be difficult to weary."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Guesses at Truth. By TWO BROTHERS. New Edition.

The Cavalier and his Lady. Selections from the Works of the First Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. With an Introductory Essay by EDWARD JENKINS, Author of "Ginx's Baby," &c. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

"A charming little volume."—STANDARD.

Theologia Germanica.—Which setteth forth many fair Lineaments of Divine Truth, and saith very lofty and lovely things touching a Perfect Life. Edited by DR. PFEIFFER, from the only complete manuscript yet known. Translated from the German, by SUSANNA WINKWORTH, With a Preface by the REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, and a Letter to the Translator by the Chevalier Bunsen, D.D.

Milton's Poetical Works.—Edited, with Notes, &c., by PROFESSOR MASSON. Two vols. 18mo. 9s.

Scottish Song. A Selection of the Choicest Lyrics of Scotland. Compiled and arranged, with brief Notes, by MARY CARLYLE AITKIN. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

"Miss Aitken's exquisite collection of Scottish Song is so alluring, and suggests so many topics, that we find it difficult to lay it down. The book is one that should find a place in every library, we had almost said in every pocket, and the summer tourist who wishes to carry with him into the country a volume of genuine poetry, will find it difficult to select one containing within so small a compass so much of rarest value."—SPECTATOR.

MACMILLAN'S GLOBE LIBRARY.

Beautifully printed on toned paper and bound in cloth extra, gilt edges, price 4s. 6d. each; in cloth plain, 3s. 6d. Also kept in a variety of calf and morocco bindings at moderate prices.

Books, Wordsworth says, are

"the spirit breathed
By dead men to their kind;"

and the aim of the publishers of the Globe Library has been to make it possible for the universal kin of English-speaking men to hold communion with the loftiest "spirits of the mighty dead;" to put within the reach of all classes complete and accurate editions, carefully and clearly printed upon the best paper, in a convenient form, at a moderate price, of the works of the MASTER-MINDS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, and occasionally of foreign literature in an attractive English dress.

The Editors, by their scholarship and special study of their authors, are competent to afford every assistance to readers of all kinds: this assistance is rendered by original biographies, glossaries of unusual or obsolete words, and critical and explanatory notes.

The publishers hope, therefore, that these Globe Editions may prove worthy of acceptance by all classes wherever the English Language is spoken, and by their universal circulation justify their distinctive epithet; while at the same time they spread and nourish a common sympathy with nature's most "finely touched" spirits, and thus help a little to "make the whole world kin."

The SATURDAY REVIEW says: "The Globe Editions are admirable for their scholarly editing, their typographical excellence, their compendious form, and their cheapness." The BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW says: "In compendiousness, elegance, and scholariness, the Globe Editions of Messrs. Macmillan surpass any popular series

of our classics hitherto given to the public. As near an approach to miniature perfection as has ever been made."

Shakespeare's Complete Works. Edited by W. G. CLARK, M.A., and W. ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Editors of the "Cambridge Shakespeare." With Glossary. pp. 1,075.

The ATHENEUM says this edition is "a marvel of beauty, cheapness, and compactness. . . . For the busy man, above all for the working student, this is the best of all existing Shakespeares." And the PALL MALL GAZETTE observes: "To have produced the complete works of the world's greatest poet in such a form, and at a price within the reach of every one, is of itself almost sufficient to give the publishers a claim to be considered public benefactors."

Spenser's Complete Works. Edited from the Original Editions and Manuscripts, by R. MORRIS, with a Memoir by J. W. HALES, M.A. With Glossary. pp. lv., 736.

"Worthy—and higher praise it needs not—of the beautiful 'Globe Series.' The work is edited with all the care so noble a poet deserves."—DAILY NEWS.

Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works. Edited with a Biographical and Critical Memoir by FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, and copious Notes. pp. xliii., 559.

"We can almost sympathise with a middle-aged grumbler, who, after reading Mr. Palgrave's memoir and introduction, should exclaim—'Why was there not such an edition of Scott when I was a school-boy?'"—GUARDIAN.

Complete Works of Robert Burns.—THE POEMS, SONGS, AND LETTERS, edited from the best Printed and Manuscript Authorities, with Glossarial Index, Notes, and a Biographical Memoir by ALEXANDER SMITH. pp. lxii., 636.

"Admirable in all respects."—SPECTATOR. *"The cheapest, the most perfect, and the most interesting edition which has ever been published."*—BELL'S MESSENGER.

Robinson Crusoe. Edited after the Original Editions, with a Biographical Introduction by HENRY KINGSLEY. pp. xxxi., 607.

"A most excellent and in every way desirable edition."—COURT CIRCULAR. *"Macmillan's 'Globe' Robinson Crusoe is a book to have and to keep."*—MORNING STAR.

Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works. Edited, with Biographical Introduction, by Professor MASSON. pp. lx., 695.

"Such an admirable compendium of the facts of Goldsmith's life, and so careful and minute a delineation of the mixed traits of his peculiar character as to be a very model of a literary biography in little."—SCOTSMAN.

Pope's Poetical Works. Edited, with Notes and Introductory Memoir, by ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD, M.A., Fellow

of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and Professor of History in Owens College, Manchester. pp. lii., 508.

The LITERARY CHURCHMAN remarks: "*The editor's own notes and introductory memoir are excellent, the memoir alone would be cheap and well worth buying at the price of the whole volume.*"

Dryden's Poetical Works. Edited, with a Memoir, Revised Text, and Notes, by W. D. CHRISTIE, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. pp. lxxxvii., 662.

"*An admirable edition, the result of great research and of a careful revision of the text. The memoir prefixed contains, within less than ninety pages, as much sound criticism and as comprehensive a biography as the student of Dryden need desire.*"—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Cowper's Poetical Works. Edited, with Notes and Biographical Introduction, by WILLIAM BENHAM, Vicar of Addington and Professor of Modern History in Queen's College, London. pp. lxxiii., 536.

"*Mr. Benham's edition of Cowper is one of permanent value. The biographical introduction is excellent, full of information, singularly neat and readable and modest—indeed too modest in its comments. The notes are concise and accurate, and the editor has been able to discover and introduce some hitherto unprinted matter. Altogether the book is a very excellent one.*"—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Morte d'Arthur.—SIR THOMAS MALORY'S BOOK OF KING ARTHUR AND OF HIS NOBLE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE. The original Edition of CAXTON, revised for Modern Use. With an Introduction by Sir EDWARD STRACHEY, Bart. pp. xxxvii., 509.

"*It is with perfect confidence that we recommend this edition of the old romance to every class of readers.*"—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

The Works of Virgil. Rendered into English Prose, with Introductions, Notes, Running Analysis, and an Index. By JAMES LONSDALE, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford, and Classical Professor in King's College, London; and SAMUEL LEE, M.A., Latin Lecturer at University College, London. pp. 288.

"*A more complete edition of Virgil in English it is scarcely possible to conceive than the scholarly work before us.*"—GLOBE.

The Works of Horace. Rendered into English Prose, with Introductions, Running Analysis, Notes, and Index. By JOHN LONSDALE, M.A., and SAMUEL LEE, M.A.

The STANDARD says, "*To classical and non-classical readers it will be invaluable as a faithful interpretation of the mind and meaning of the poet, enriched as it is with notes and dissertations of the highest value in the way of criticism, illustration, and explanation.*"







